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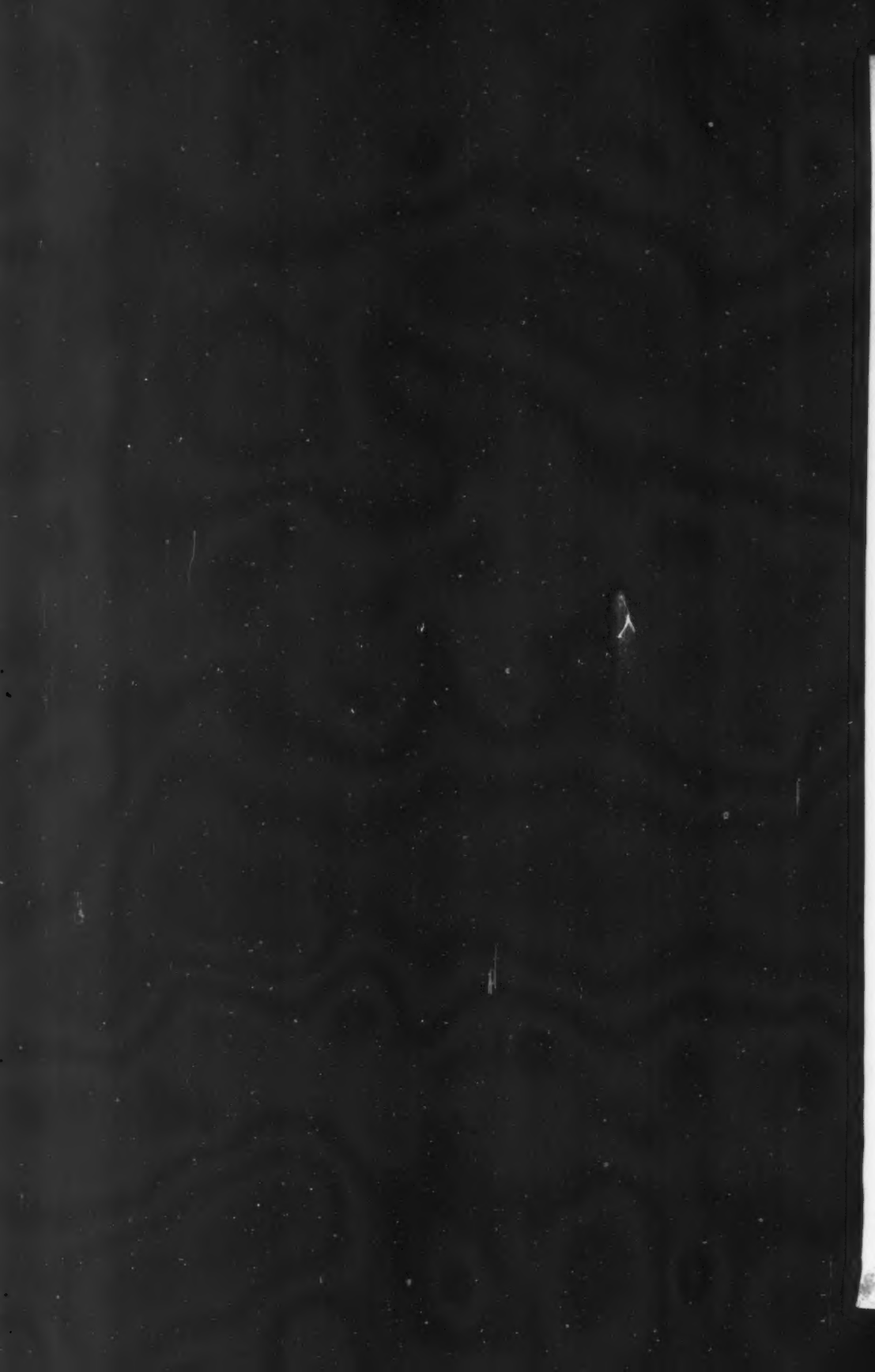
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{ Vol. CLXXXI.

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TO MY FRIENDS,	770	MAY MEMORIES,	770

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DECEPTION.

THE year fades, as the west wind sighs,
And droops in many-colored ways,
But your soft presence never dies
From out the pathway of my days.

The spring is where you are; but still
You, far away, to me can bring
Sweet flowers and dreams enough to fill
A thousand empty worlds with spring.

I walk the wet and leafless woods,
Your spirit ever floats before,
And lights its russet solitudes
With blossoms summer never wore.

I sit beside my lonely fire,
The shadows almost bring your face,
And light with memory and desire
My dull and sombre dwelling-place.

Among my books I feel your hand
That turns the page just past my sight;
Sometimes behind my chair you stand
And read the foolish rhymes I write.

The old piano's keys I press
In random chords — until I hear
Your voice, your rustling silken dress,
And smell the violets you wear.

I do not weep now any more,
I think I hardly ever sigh,
I would not let you think I bore
The kind of wound of which men die.

Believe that smooth content has grown
Over the ghastly grave of pain;
Content! Oh lips that were my own
That I shall never kiss again!
Longman's Magazine. E. NESBIT.

TO MY FRIENDS.

DEAR friends, when I am dead,
Think, sometimes say,
At morn, or noon, or point of dying day,
"I wish that he were with us, — had not fled."

For whether far or near,
In earth or sky,
To you, I think, I must be somehow nigh,
And such regret it would be sweet to hear.

"Think of me at my best,"
When brain and heart
Did, of what store was theirs, their wealth
in part,
Think of me thus, and not by pain oppress.

Pain passes; that will last,
Defying death,
Which in us felt earth's rapture — longed
for breath
To sing life's largeness — present, future,
past.

Temple Bar. JOHN JERVIS BERESFORD.

SWEETHEART DAISY.

THE sunset all its golden rays
Athwart the skies of amber threw,
When down among the woodland ways
My bright-haired Daisy came in view.
(Soft daintings of a dainty shoe
Had pointed me the path she chose,
And why I followed up the clue
I know — and Sweetheart Daisy knows.)

We met — she turned an absent gaze
To where, far-off, a heron flew;
Nor spoke she till, with trembling phrase,
Her hand into my own I drew.
Then, Sweetheart Daisy rosier grew
Than her small namesakes when they close,
And why she flushed so fair a hue
I know — and Sweetheart Daisy knows.

What time the trailing garden sprays
Were heavy with the summer dew;
When quenched was the geranium blaze,
And dimmed the gay lobelia blue —
Daisy and I came pushing through
The long loose hedge of briar rose,
And why we were so glad, we two,
I know — and Sweetheart Daisy knows.

ENVOI.

Prince Love, all potent sovereign, who
The fate of lovers dost dispose,
Why this old world for *me* is new
I know — and Sweetheart Daisy knows.
Longman's Magazine. FRANCES WYNNE.

MAY MEMORIES.

OH! for the light-hearted
Life, and the passionate
Pulse, and the fetterless
Feet, and the strong
Stream of enthusiast
Thought, when the spirit of
Spring, like a bacchanal,
Bore me along!
Oh! the luxuriant
Leaves, and the effluent
Flowers, and the resonant
Raptures of song!

Oh! for the mirth-bringing
Morns, and the nectarous
Noons, and the exquisite
Eves, when the fair
Face of the noiseless queen
Night, with her eloquent
Eyes, and her azure
Abysses lay bare;
And, like a breath from the
Briar, from the sensitive
Soul rose the innocent
Incense of prayer!
Spectator. F. W. BOURDILLON.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

RECENT CONVERSATIONS IN A STUDIO.*

BY W. W. STORY.

Belton. How pleasant it is to get into a studio! There is always something attractive to me in its atmosphere. It seems to be a little ideal world in itself, outside the turmoil and confusion of common life, and having different interests and influences. An artist ought to be very happy in his life. His occupation leads him into harmony with nature and man, lifts him into ideal regions and sympathies, and gives to the outward world a peculiar charm and beauty.

Mallett. It is a happy life; all other occupations after art seem flat and tasteless. The world has for the artist a different aspect from what it wears to the common eye. Beauty starts forth to greet him from the vulgarest corners, and nature shows him new delights of color, light, and form at every turn. He is her lover, and "love lends a precious seeing to the eye." If art be pursued in a high spirit and pure love, I know nothing more delightful. It gives a new meaning and value to everything. Life is only too short for the wooing.

Bel. Is an artist ever in love with his work? Do you recognize any truth in the myth of Pygmalion?

Mal. No. I cannot understand how an artist can be enamored of what he has done. He, more than any one, must feel its shortcomings. He knows how inferior it is to his aim and to his conception, and the nearer he comes to the end of it, the less he is contented with it. Even when he succeeds, success is a merely relative term; the thing produced must necessarily be below and within the producer. It is not the victory so much as the battle that delights him. It is not the product, but the producing. There is a certain sadness which comes over one at the end of every work — first, from a sense of disappointment that the result is not more satisfactory; and, second, from the loss of a companion and friend of many days, to whom the greater part of his time and

thought has been given. Before the work is completed, there comes a certain exhaustion of purpose and power. Already the mind is projecting itself beyond into new conceptions and ideas, which beckon forward with illusory promises of higher beauty and fairer accomplishment. The thing to be done will be better than what is done. The next combat will be crowned with victory. The future is glad and large of promise — the present is sad and unsatisfied.

Bel. This is so with every pursuit — with life itself. The past and the future have a certain consecration which the present has not; the mists of memory enchant the one; the glories of hope transfigure the other.

Mal. Still, one enjoys the present through the ministrations of art more than by any other means. Every day has its happiness and its work; and it is the union of the mechanical and the poetic — the real and the ideal — which gives it a special charm. The body and mind are working together. Artists are generally long-lived — and particularly sculptors — for the simple reason that the mind and body are both kept constantly in harmonious action.

Bel. I suppose irritation and worry kill far more than hard work, and this is the reason why business and commerce use men up so rapidly.

Mal. Besides, in art one is always learning, and that begets a kind of cheerfulness, under the influence of which the mind works more easily, and with less wear and tear. The labor we delight in physics pain, and as long as we enjoy our work there is no danger of overworking. It is only when we get irritated and worried that work begins to tell on us and wear us out.

Bel. I suppose artists have their black days too? I hope you have. You have no right to have all your lives pleasant.

Mal. Black enough days we have undoubtedly, when nothing will come to our hand; when we get confused and tormented, and know we are going wrong, and cannot see the right way. Then our work haunts us and harries us, and pursues us in our dreams, and will not give

* See "Conversations in a Studio" — "Maga," April, June, Sept., Dec., 1875, and July, 1876.

us peace. But these days pass, and we get over the trouble; the sun shines again, and all goes well.

Bel. Do you ever get any hints in your dreams which help you?

Mal. Never! When I dream of my work, it is always going wrong, and I am vainly attempting to put it right. And this arises from the simple fact, I suppose, that it does not occupy my dreaming thoughts unless I have been worried by it or by something else. But I never get anything of value from dreams.

Bel. With time and study, at last, I suppose you embody your conceptions at once with more ease and with more certainty? But every work must have its own difficulties, however you may have accomplished yourself in the practice of your art.

Mal. The beginnings of art are comparatively easy, and we are often surprised to find so little difficulty in achieving a certain result not utterly bad. The friends of every youth who begins to paint or to model see in him the promise of a future Phidias or Raffaele. But as we train our powers and continue our studies, the difficulties increase — we see more to do, and we are less satisfied with our work. The horizon grows larger and larger at every advance, and we soon begin to feel not only that perfection is impossible, but excellence exceedingly difficult. We labor to attain what is less tangible and more essential. Of course the mere facility increases enormously, so that at least we do with ease what cost us at first great labor; but we strain ourselves to harder tasks. Nature taunts us, and tempts us, and tries us with her infinite variations and finesses and subtleties. There is never an end. The more we learn the more there remains to learn. The higher we go the more precipitous rise the heights above. The peak that, seen from its base in the valley below, seemed to tower into the sky above, proves, when we have reached its crest, to be but a trivial fragment in a mighty chain of mountains, — cliff over cliff rises, towering beyond, and never do we reach a summit that does not dwarf all below, and open the way to loftier heights, to ideal Silberhörner, that dazzle

and delight us with their unattainable splendors and inaccessible despairs. Then, again, in seizing one thing we lose another. What we gain in knowledge and facility we lose in naïveté and freshness of impression. It is difficult to keep up to the end that sustained enthusiasm which alone holds the keys of success in art; and in proportion as we lose our love we lose our power. Nothing good is done in art by trick or sleight-of-hand. The complete force of the man must be put forth, and his work must be done in absolute earnest.

Bel. It is said that Thorwaldsen, in the latter part of his career, stood before one of his statues which he had just completed, and after looking sadly at it for a time, said: "I see I am growing old, and my powers are failing. This statue satisfies me."

Mal. I know not whether the story is true, but the observation was just, and contains a great deal of philosophic truth. In age the temptation is to relax one's efforts, and to rest satisfied with achieving a certain excellence, within one's knowledge and power, instead of striving for more. So we see in the later works of distinguished artists more freedom of style and brush, but more carelessness of detail and execution, more mannerism, and but too often mere repetitions of themselves. Art is an imperious mistress, and we must give her all if we are to obtain her utmost favors. Nor is it so alone in art. It is so in everything. Nature never gives. She exacts strict pay for all you take. She does not scatter her largesses to the idle and the careless. She only pays the wages of your work. Worse than that, her highest fruit she puts just beyond your reach to tempt you on to your extremest effort. If you will not strain to your utmost for it, you must be content to go without it; it does not drop into your hands of itself.

Bel. Ah! I am afraid I do not quite agree with you. You take no account of genius, with which some few are dowered by nature, and into their hands the fruit sometimes does seem to drop without any pains and struggles on their part. And then, again, there is so great a difference

between men in their natural facility. Some seem to do with ease what others labor for in vain.

Mal. True — but the strain comes somewhere with every one. Great natural facility at first is not always, if it be ever, a boon to be coveted by one who seeks to attain great excellence. Somewhere at some time the whole soul must be put into one's work, the whole powers strained to the utmost; and it is perhaps better that this should occur at an early period, otherwise the danger is that we may rest contented with those small achievements which are bounded by our facilities. There is a desperate wall somewhere or other to block our progress. It may be early in our course, when we are bold and fresh and enthusiastic, and then with will and energy we may overleap it; or it may be in the middle of the course, when fatigue has come on, and the mind is jaded, and we have been spoiled by praise, and then we lack the energy to surmount it, and prefer to canter about within the easy limits we possess. No man ever did his best without laying out all that was in him. There is nothing so dangerous and so tempting as facility, unless it come from hard study and long practice, and even then it is a temptation and a danger.

Bel. That is very true. Facility is often mistaken for genius, but it generally leads to mediocrity. How many a person I have known who, with great promise at the beginning, soon faltered and then stopped; while others, with no early facility, strengthened themselves by study and will, and passed far beyond them at the end. So many are satisfied with doing pretty well what they can do easily, and want the energy to do very well when it costs labor and struggle. But at least four-fifths of genius is an indomitable will.

Mal. Very true. Take Michel Angelo, for instance; he had not a natural facility like Raffaele, but he climbed to far higher regions by force of will, and an energy that ninety years did not tire; while Raffaele had passed his culmination at thirty-seven, and his last works, young as he was, are far from being his best. However, we need not go to great examples; common life and every day will furnish

them. A thousand are pleased with dabbling in water-colors and toying with them as amateurs, to one who earnestly works with the determination to be an artist. After all, there is far greater difference between men in their will than in their talent. What we will to do, despite of obstacles and failures, we generally succeed in doing at last. "Easy writing," says Sheridan, "makes damned hard reading;" and we must make up our minds to work if we wish to win success.

Nil sine magno
Vita labore dedit mortalibus,

says Horace.

Bel. I remember years ago a little incident which amused me, and illustrates these remarks. An accomplished artist in water-colors in Rome was one day showing his portfolio to an English lady. She was delighted with them, as well she might be, and after many expressions of admiration, she turned to him and said: "They are perfectly beautiful. How I wish I could paint in this way! Pray, how long do you think it would take me to learn to paint thus?" "I cannot tell," replied the artist, "how long it would take *you*, but it has taken me all my life."

Mal. It is a very common thing to hear persons say, How I wish I could do this or that thing, but nine times out of ten it is just the earnestness of wish or will that is wanting. The desire has no real root of determination. It is a momentary feeling. Such persons would not be willing to give laborious hours and days and years to attain the end they covet; but they would like to reach out their hand and pluck the fruit at once without trouble. I can't do this, means very commonly, I don't choose to do it. I should like to have it, but I won't pay for it. If they do not succeed at the first trial they are discouraged. A true artist must make up his mind to fail a thousand times, and never be discouraged, but bravely to try again. I am always surprised to see how well most people begin, and how little way they go. They seem to think that to be an artist comes, like reading and writing, as Dogberry has it, by nature.

Bel. And so it does. But remember that Dogberry also says — and his judgment in such matters you surely will not question — “God is to be worshipped; all men are not alike; alas! good neighbor.” And when Leonato says to this, “Indeed, neighbor, he comes too short of you,” Dogberry replies, “Gifts that God gives.”

Mal. “It shall be sufficance!” I will say no more. Dogberry also is right. There are gifts that God gives. If the creative power be wanting that moulds the material to its purpose, nothing great ever will be achieved. But without the additional gifts of courage and will, whatever is the power, it will come to nothing.

Bel. It is a common notion that no general education or high culture is necessary to the artist, but that art is a special faculty, a handicraft, a gift requiring no education save in its practice. No mistake could, as it seems to me, be greater. It is only from the pressure of full and lofty streams that the fountain owes the exultant spring of its column. The imagination needs to be fed from high sources, and strengthened and enriched to fulness, before it can freely develop its native force. The mere drilling of hand and eye, the mere technical skill, nay, even the natural bias and faculty of the mind, are not sufficient. They are indeed necessary, but they are not all. It is from the soul and mind that the germs of thought and feeling must spring; and in proportion as these are nourished and expanded by culture do they flower forth in richer hues and forms. It is by these means that the taint of the vulgar and common is eradicated, that ideas are purified and exalted, that feeling and thought are stimulated, and taste refined. Out of the fulness of the whole being each word is spoken, and each act takes the force of the whole man. It is not alone the athlete’s arm that strikes — it is his whole body. The blacksmith’s arm in itself may be stronger, but his blow is far less effective.

Mal. Undoubtedly; but on the other hand, the public, on whose approbation the artist to a certain extent depends, requires equally to be educated, for without this the higher fruit of art cannot be tasted or appreciated. While the general education of the public in art is so deficient, criticism must necessarily be low and ignorant. All that we can ask is, that it be not also arrogant.

Bel. There is no doubt that a taste and knowledge in art are rapidly growing in America.

Mal. Very true; but as yet there is a

very general idea prevalent that the big is the great, and that it is size that constitutes grandeur. I have heard it constantly boasted, for instance, that the so-called monument to Washington, in the city of Washington, was the tallest obelisk in the world — as if that was in itself a great recommendation of it as a work of art. To which I have ventured to answer, yes, perhaps. But it is not, correctly speaking, an obelisk, to begin with, for an obelisk proper should be a monolith. But I am willing to own that it is the tallest chimney in the world, and, I will also add, the most useless — and the ugliest. And besides, it has not only no use, but no meaning and no appropriateness as a memorial to Washington. We are now also loudly called upon to admire the Eiffel Tower just erected at Paris, on the ground that it is the highest in the world, and has I know not how many steps and stories. But has mere size any claims on our admiration in a work of art? Some of the smallest are among the grandest that ever were made; some of the largest the most inane and empty. What rare Ben Jonson says of life is equally true of art —

In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

Bel. Yes; and on the other hand, it is not minuteness of finish and elaboration of detail which are primarily to be desired. A great work can afford to be imperfect in detail. Where the grand conception and impression are, there is the great work. But between the claims of realism on the one side and idealism on the other, the true mean seems to be pretty hard to hit.

Mal. Did I ever say art was easy? Nothing that is great is easy or common. There is no clearly defined road, more than for the bird in the air. One must know it by intuition and feel it by internal conviction. “What is it that makes your music Mozartish?” asked some one of that great composer. “I know not,” he answered; “it is as it comes to me.” And where does it come from? Ah! who knows? That which is force or power or individuality in any work is an unconscious effluence from the spirit of the artist. He knows not how or whence it comes. He only knows that it is imperious, and he must obey.

Bel. Which do you think the higher art — painting or sculpture?

Mal. Neither or either. The cup is nothing. It is what you put into it that is of value. Each art has its great difficulties, and it is not easy to say which has

the greater. Still, in one sense, sculpture is the higher art, in my estimation—for the reason that, while its means are far more limited, its requisitions are greater and higher. It is at once more positive and more ideal. It has the highest requirements and the poorest means. Its ends are more difficult, its beginnings far more easy. To mould the pliant clay into some sort of material resemblance to any form is not difficult—it is in the grasp of almost every one. But to conceive a great statue and embody a noble idea—not simply by imitation of the model, but by a grand treatment of form, and a noble character of design and expression,—this is doubtless as difficult a task as can be set to an artist. There is every grade, from a mud pie of a child to the work of Phidias. But, on the other hand, painting has the great requirements of tone and harmonious coloring which are avoided in sculpture, so that these difficulties nearly balance each other. Again, painting is more illusory, more imitative, more literal in its aims. It may please and enchant by literal reproductions of actual facts in nature. The whole field of genre, the facts and incidents of daily life, and the wide range of landscape, are open to it; while in sculpture a higher and more restricted class of subjects is demanded, and a nobler treatment of forms. It cannot stoop to genre without losing its true characteristics. It has only form to deal with, it is true, but that form must be ideal in its character, and while in nature, must also be above nature. If it content itself with copying the model, it degenerates into commonplace, and abdicates its highest functions. The pure imitation which pleases in painting by creating a partial illusion, is denied to sculpture. Besides, a statue must be right, harmonious, and effective from every point of view and in every light and shade. And, last, sculpture is restricted for the most part to a single figure, or at most to two or three, and into this everything must be put. In a word, it is the most material and the most ideal art. Each, however, has its great difficulties, and it is idle to put one above the other.

Bel. One thing at least is certain, that many more artists have attained great excellence in painting than in sculpture. The great sculptors are very few; the great painters many. Setting aside the Greeks, with whom the two arts seem to have been nearly balanced, as far as history informs us, there is no doubt that

since then there have been scarcely any great sculptors to compare with the great painters. I do not speak of the present time, for that would be invidious; but up to our time there is scarcely a sculptor, except Michel Angelo, entitled to be called great, or whose works are to be placed beside those of the renowned painters. Nay, even Michel Angelo himself was perhaps greater in fresco than in marble. This would seem to show that sculpture is at least a more difficult art than painting. At all events, Michel Angelo, so excellent in both arts, gave the higher rank to sculpture.

Mal. It is far less understood and far less popular, certainly. A picture appeals to a much larger number than does a statue. To feel and understand the beauty of the statue requires more knowledge and more culture. Few are capable of criticising it in its execution with intelligence. Its refinements of treatment, its delicate modelling, its picked truth to nature, are for the most part lost on the crowd. The public appreciate neither its anatomical accuracy nor its subtle expression of the human form; because the naked figure is so rarely seen, and so unfamiliar, that few are able to say whether it is right or wrong. All the finest parts of the execution are "caviare to the general." The public are only capable of understanding the expression and the pose.

Bel. The taste for sculpture seems to be growing of late, and especially among the Americans. They buy more statues, I am told, than any other nation. The English seem to care little for it, and to prefer painting. How do you account for this?

Mal. You have only to breathe the English atmosphere, and see the English landscape, to understand this. Everything is color in England—and even more, water-color. The atmosphere is thick and humid, and obliterates form. Everything is saturated or washed in color. On the contrary, the American atmosphere is tense and dry, revealing the outlines of everything, and insisting on form. The distances are clear—the far-off hill is drawn sharply on the sky. The trees are not blotted as in England, but defined and etched upon it. The form asserts itself far more strongly than the color. So it is in Greece, where sculpture attained its largest proportions and its finest expression.

Bel. That is ingenious—but is it true?

Mal. I think so. You will see these characteristics in the minds and in the per-

sons of the people, as well as in their art. The American is slenderer and more nervous in his material organization, more metaphysical in his intellect, more irritable in his temperament, than the Englishman. His sharp, thin air acts always on him as a stimulus. It will not let him rest, but whips him on. The brilliant sunshine is like a wine that intoxicates him. It eats away his flesh, turns muscle into tendon, and refines and quickens his perceptions. So we find him always inquiring, investigating, questioning, inventing, working. His perceptions dominate his sentiments. He is always organizing and reorganizing, and inventing, and putting things into shape. Everything runs to form rather than to color in his mind. He must have things definite and decided. The Englishman has more equipoise. His susceptibilities are more blunted; he is less nervous and more contented, calmer-minded, and steadier of purpose. He has his loyal sentiments, his fixed habits, his regular formulas of life and thought, his quiet prejudices, and, in a word, his inertia of nature. He is fonder of facts than of metaphysics. He is full of general impressions, and does not like to be disturbed in them. His sentiments dominate and color his perceptions and opinions. His face and figure are vaguer in outline than the American's, and fuller of color. He is fitter for a picture than for a bust. Much of this difference undoubtedly is to be attributed to the influences of climate; for even the unmixed English blood in America has already lost its type, and developed a new one. Take an English girl, and put her beside an American girl whose ancestry is pure English, and there is a remarkable difference between them in shape, nature, and color. The American, as a rule, is slenderer, fairer, and slighter-limbed, thinner featured, and more vivacious and excited in manner. The English girl is fuller, rosier in color, heavier in build, and calmer. The voice of the American is thin and high, that of the English girl is rich and low. But where you will find the greatest physical difference is in the feet and hands. The American's foot is small, thin, high-arched, and tendonous in the ankle. The English girl's is plump, flat, and full in the ankle. There is the same difference in the hands. Take a cast from an American and an English foot, and any one can distinguish them with half an eye. All the attachments, as they are called, are longer and more tendonous in the American than in the English.

Bel. You seem to make out your case. Certainly there is a great difference between the general appearance of the English and the American. There is something charming in the one as of a rose, and in the other of a lily. Where the English have the advantage over the Americans is in their voices and intonations. An Englishwoman's voice is a pleasure to hear — so sweet and low, and pleasant in its modulations — while the Americans whine with a high-pitched voice. I wish they would correct this. You know them "as the blind man knew the cuckoo by the bad voice."

Mal. They sing better than the English, because the English never can fully utter their voice and throw it out.

Bel. Certainly the American girls are sometimes very handsome, and they generally have a refinement of look and feature, if not of manner. In their ways, too, there is a certain wild wilfulness and independence which, when it does not go too far (as it frequently does), is very attractive.

Mal. The English have had at least one great sculptor — Flaxman. He was a man of rare genius and a most refined imagination — almost a Greek born out of his time and country. His illustrations to Homer and Æschylus are full of restrained grace and simplicity, and admirable in their character and composition. His illustrations of Dante are very inferior to them, though full of talent. His life, however, was spent in making monuments and allegorical figures for which he had no taste, but which the public demanded. But he will be remembered by the ideal works which the public refused and rejected. I think, for only one of his outlined compositions did he ever receive a commission, and that was for the Mercury and Pandora which is among his drawings from Hesiod.

Bel. His power seems to have been best exhibited in his outlines. In the technical parts of his art, and in his modelling and manipulation, he was as clumsy as he was refined and poetic in his conceptions. At least, so I should judge from the modelled bas-reliefs of his which I have seen.

Mal. It is very true. He did not model well — at least, all the casts from his models that I have seen are carelessly executed, and, in fact, mere sketches. But perhaps I have not seen any of what he could consider his finished models.

Bel. You were reproaching modern art the other day for its slavish following of nature, and saying that we could never attain a high development of art so long

as we aimed simply at an imitation of nature. You promised at the same time that you would give me your notions of what true art is. Will it bore you to do this now?

Mal. Not at all, if it won't bore you.

Bel. I'll risk it. Go on.

Mal. In considering the true principles which govern art, we must first clear our minds of the notion that the object of art is illusion. Art is art because it is not nature; and could we absolutely reproduce anything by means of form, tone, color, or any other means, so as actually to deceive, it would at once fail to interest the mind and heart as art. However we might, on being undeceived, wonder at the skill with which it was imitated, we should not accept it as a true work of art. It is only so long as imitative skill is subordinated to creative energy, and poetic sensibility, that it occupies its proper place. Otherwise, if by any process we could fix on a mirror the reflection of anything, we should have a perfect picture. Yet, perfect as the reflection is in every respect, it is not a picture, and it does not interest us as art. The most perfect imitation of nature is therefore not art. It must pass through the mind of the artist and be changed.

Bel. Shakespeare says we should "hold the mirror up to nature" in our art.

Mal. Ay, but what mirror? Not the senseless, material mirror, in which nature is simply reproduced as fact. Art is nature reflected in the spiritual mirror, and tinged with all the sentiment, feeling, passion, of the spirit that reflects it. It is nature that has "suffered a sea change into something rich and strange." It is then an absolute requisite of a work of art, that it should neither be real nor illusory. The moment reality or illusion comes in, art disappears. The birds that strove to peck the painted grapes of Zeuxis, the ape that ate the colored beetles in the volume of natural history, are types of the ignorant and vulgar mind that never entered into the sacred precincts of art.

Bel. The story of the birds pecking the grapes in the picture of Zeuxis is always related as a proof of his wonderful power of copying nature, even to the point of literal deception. But birds and insects are easily deceived by the commonest representation of fruit and flowers. I have often watched the bee-moth as he tried flower after flower, painted coarsely along under the cornice of my Italian villa walls, sometimes making the entire round of the

room in search of his sustenance, and never learning by experience.

Mal. The old story of the painted curtain of Parrhasius, which he was requested to draw aside from before his picture, is in the same class. It is evidently made out of the whole cloth — like a hundred others that are told about artists. But supposing it true, it proves that the result of the perfect imitation was to take the picture out of the domain of art — to the minds of all who saw it. Much as one might admire the skill of the deception, the result was not interesting as art in its higher sense. But art is not only not illusion — it is not even a mere reproduction of nature, — but an expression and bodying forth of the inmost being of the artist. Its germ is within and not without; it only uses nature as an outward garment in which to clothe the living idea and conception, assimilating whatever in nature belongs to it of right, and rejecting all which is not fit or necessary. It weaves its figure out of nature, but nature is only the material which it uses in its loom, and which obeys the motions of the working spirit as it transfigures the outward substance with its own inner life. Truth and fact are to be carefully discriminated. Mere facts, however true in and for themselves, may be all untrue in art. Nothing is true in art unless it be assimilated by the imagination to the idea which is the soul of the work, whatever it may be, independently of that connection, and viewed by itself. Too close an imitation of facts often lowers the character of the work and degrades the idea, and this is specially to be seen in music, which, in so far as it is imitation, is on a low plane.

Bel. Is it not equally so with regard to sculpture? Suppose illusion to be its object, and literal imitation its true means, on such principles the wax figures of Madame Tussaud, with their real dresses, their real hair, and painted faces, ought to be truer products of art than the noblest of Greek statues. But in truth, it is this very illusion which disgusts us while it deceives. So far from desiring illusion, it is an impertinence which we reject.

Mal. Undoubtedly it is.

Bel. And let me, before you go on, also recall to you those charming lines of Wordsworth, suggested by a picture of Peele Castle in a storm, by Sir George Beaumont: —

I was thy neighbor once, thou rugged pile!
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee:
I saw thee every day; and all the while
Thy form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air!
So like, so very like, was day to day!
Whene'er I looked, thy image still was there;
It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm! It seemed no
sleep,
No mood, which season takes away, or brings:
I could have fancied that the mighty deep
Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

Ah! then if mine had been the painter's hand,
To express what then I saw; and add the
gleam,
*The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration, and the Poet's dream.*

Mal. Exactly! *That* is what is wanted
in art—the consecration, and the poet's
dream—and without it there is no real
art in the highest sense of the word.

Bel. One moment before you go on.
These lines of Wordsworth reminded me
of a passage in Shelley which very closely
resembles them,—

Within the surface of the fleeting river
The wrinkled image of the city lay,
Immovably unquiet, yet forever
It trembles, but it never fades away;

a passage which he seems to have liked,
for he repeats it, with a variation, in his
"Ode to Liberty," almost identical with
this line of Wordsworth's—

It trembles, but it cannot pass away.

But if we continue quoting poetry, we
shall not get on with our discussion. You
were saying that art should be above
nature while it was in it—as the spirit is
above and in the body—and that it should
be an interpretation and not an imitation of
nature. Now go on, if I have not entirely
put you out.

Mal. In art there is no nature independent of man and his relation to it. While art should never be false to nature, it should be its master and not its slave. Nature is the grammar and dictionary of art; but it is not until we have mastered these so as to use them freely and almost unconsciously as a language, that we can rise to be poets or artists. A faultless grammatical sentence, or series of sentences, does not make a poem; and many are the artists who, after they have learned the language of art, have nothing to say which is worth saying. If we have nothing really to say, what is the use of learning the language? A servile imitation of nature is fatal to all the higher impulses of the spirit, and will never result in anything admirable. A sketch by a great master is better, despite all its incorrectness, not only than the most careful reproduction

through mere imitation of any facts in nature, but often better than the finished work of the same master—better, because freer and fuller of the idea. Every artist will tell you that he finds it difficult in his finished work to come up to the impression of his sketch, for the former is produced in the heat of enthusiasm, and when the mind is penetrated thoroughly with the idea, while the latter is more studied and mechanical. Persons ordinarily speak of imitations of nature—as if nature were something definite, and positive, and absolute. But nature is to each one a different thing. It is what we are, and takes the coloring of the eye and the mind. It is infinite, too, in its variety, infinite in its scale, and infinite in its combinations—while an imitation of a definite fact is limited to that fact. Yet even that one fact is protean. It changes with every light, and is affected by every emotion of the artist. Nature is not an aggregation of facts—it is an idea in the mind derived from a long series of varying impressions and experiences. When we say a work of art is natural, it is because it answers to this idea, not because it is true to some particular fact. Many incidents true in fact are to the imagination false, unnatural, and unfit for art.

Bel. You remember Coleridge's lines beginning,—

Oh, lady, we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone doth nature live, etc.—

all so true and so charming. But go on.

Mal. The vice of modern art is that it founds itself too much on the low principle of imitation and literal realism, as it is called. The study of particular facts in nature is considered as an end and not as a means; and they are treated, not as idioms or phrases of a language to be learned and freely used to express ideas, but as being in themselves poems which are merely to be copied. The artist subordinates himself to some particular scene, or place, or room, or dress, and by patiently, and often servilely, copying these, he expects to produce a great picture. He sets a model before him, and by imitating carefully every detail of the individual, expects to produce a great statue. But in this kind of work there is no opportunity for style and grand character. Its place but too often is usurped by the sham and counterfeit *chique*. The imagination is not tasked to a great conception, but cleverness and trick play their part. Undoubtedly the dexterity and ability shown in some of these works of mere handicraft

are very great, but there it all but too often ends. Such works surprise and delight for a moment, but their time is short. The public admire and buy. The artist yields to temptation and paints to sell, and thus talent and skill of a rare quality are wasted; and when the fashion of the day goes, such works go with it. The consequence is, that we have many phrase-books, note-books, and studies from nature, and very little art in its highest sense. That nature should be studied with the utmost earnestness and zeal, that it should never be falsely represented in our work, is too obvious to need to be stated. But all this study is only preparation for art. It is learning to play the scales, but it is not music. It is acquiring the language, not writing poems.

Bel. You differ from the principles laid down by Mr. Ruskin, who seems to think that a perfect reproduction of anything physical before you will constitute an admirable work of art.

Mal. Oh, I don't believe he would accept such a rendering of his thought and teaching. He has done an immense deal of good by his writings. He has stimulated the mind to think. He has brought art over from vague generalities to a real study of nature, which is the true basis of excellence in sculpture and painting. But it is not the end. We cannot idealize anything by omitting its peculiarities and slurring over its facts; but only by mastering them, and then subjecting them to the idea to be represented. Besides this, he is a poet, and his descriptions of nature in landscape are wonderfully true and subtle. But in his statement of principles he is vague, contradictory, and unphilosophical. The principles he lays down dogmatically in one chapter, he controverts and refutes in the next, so that it is impossible to understand what his real principles are. He has no system, but very many just observations; no metaphysical accuracy, but a high poetic and critical faculty. He has changed his view in regard to many of the great painters in the most remarkable way, — now decrying them as comparatively worthless, and at a later time praising them with equal vehemence. It always seems to me as if he were learning his lesson aloud, and correcting his impressions before the public. Still, he speaks as authoritatively when he is beginning to study his lesson, as afterwards when he has advanced to a position where he finds what he said is untrue. But he has one great merit. He is honest, bold, and in earnest.

Bel. His observations of nature always strike me as particularly admirable and close, and his descriptions are so poetic and rich in expression and style that they carry one away with their eloquence. But you were saying that imitation is a mere means and not an end of art. You are speaking, I suppose, more in relation to sculpture and painting than in relation to poetry and music?

Mal. I have been speaking of art in general, and not of art as confined to any particular form. Undoubtedly, in sculpture and painting, imitation must properly be carried further than in music or poetry. Music, which is the most ideal of all the arts, at once wrenches itself entirely from imitation, and seeks to stir the emotions by fiery sallies into the upper nature which overbroods the lower nature of facts, forms, and incidents, as the sky over the earth. In landscape, for instance, the material facts are etherealized and transfigured by air, light, and color, so as to lift them out of prose facts, and the true artist should seek the sentiment as well as the facts. It is by the imaginative sense that he subdues the prosaic facts to the emotion and idea to be conveyed in his work, and thus fuses the literal into poetry. Round every form there hovers an essence that spiritualizes it, and it is this which the true artist should seek to appropriate as well as the form, for without it the form is vacuous. Nature is plastic to the soul. There is no stock, or stone, or weed which a great emotion in the heart will not spiritualize. Nature is not a dead repertory of facts — it is a living keyboard for the imagination to play upon, out of which infinite combinations of harmony or melody may be produced. But nature must be played by the artist in the key of the emotion to be embodied, and the modulations must follow the creative energy, or only consecutive sounds will be evoked, and not music.

Bel. That is what we mean in common parlance when we say of a work that it may be very clever, but it has no feeling, — that it shows great skill and technical mastery, but does not touch us. Nothing, I suppose, ever does touch us, unless it has come from a deep feeling. Unless the artist profoundly feels his own work, and infuses into it his own spirit, how can he expect to move any one? Mere mechanical dexterity will not evidently suffice. How many works, despite their technical merit, seem to us hard, cold, or clever; while other works, despite their manifest defects and incompleteness, de-

light us. But I did not mean to interrupt you, though you require, perhaps, to be taken down from your high horse once in a while, lest you go out of sight and lose yourself in the clouds. But go on.

Mal. Look at poetry, and you will see how little imitation has to do with it. The poet will never evoke the simplest scenery by enumerating its facts, but he condenses into a single phrase the whole spirit of the scene, and makes it live again in the sympathetic mind of the reader. He leaves out the barren and waste details which do not of necessity belong to his emotion, and, without falsifying, reproduces nature as a garment to his thought. In music, too, the composer does not imitate the sounds of the natural world, though he summons it up to you by the tones in which he embodies it. So it should be, though in a less degree, with the painter and with the sculptor. He cannot say all, and he must select. What is not necessary in art is impertinent. Each work has its one word to say, its one blow to strike, and if that be missed, all the rest is rubbish. If the artist have a real and sincere intent, a living idea and thought, let him subordinate all to that, rejecting the unnecessary, however pleasing in itself, and making his work in all its details converge to one point, and cry out with one voice. But to do this, he must have an imperious conception to which all must yield. He must learn the virtue of renunciation. What is left undone is as necessary to a true work of art as what is done. In each of the arts too much is as fatal as too little. A suggestion is often better than a statement. The imagination is always ready to be beckoned, but rebels against being drilled or driven.

Bel. I have a modern picture in my mind now, which justifies all you say. It was painted with very great technical skill—all the parts were carefully finished, and it showed great talent. But it had no central point of interest. Each detail was emphasized as if it were essential, and the artist seemed to have given as much love to each bit as to the whole. Indeed the whole was lost in the parts. When I first saw it, the impression it made on me I cannot better express than by saying, that it seemed to me as if I entered a room where everybody was talking at once—each claiming my attention, and each saying his word as loud as he could. Apparently the artist was afraid of not being true to every part in detail, and thus lost his grasp on the essential one thing to be

said. The public was delighted with the care with which everything was done; but the whole picture seemed to me a mistake, and a waste of talent. Notwithstanding its skill, it left no real impression upon me.

Mal. Art is now a slave or servant of the age, and no longer a leader and master. Yet this is not its true function. It is born to command, and its life is freedom. But the necessities of the time, the follies of fashion, and the public desire for illusion and imitation, pull it down from its pedestal, and drag it in their train. It goes creeping along to swell the pageant of wealth and utility. But art does not sing well in a cage. It is only in the fullness of freedom that it does its best. As Schiller says in his "Letters on the Æsthetic Education of Man," "Man only *plays* when in the fullest sense of the word he is man; and he is then only truly man when he plays." What is mere truth is only the mechanics of art. It is of the earth, earthy. But inspiration and imagination have the spirit of what Schiller calls play. They are rejoicing and self-sufficing, and freely play with the materials that work has collected. So long as our art is mere work, it is a vulgar drudge. It is only when imagination lends it wings that it soars into its true sphere of the ideal, and becomes the master and not the slave of nature. Let me read you a passage from Schiller on this subject. He says: "The current of events has given the genius of the age a bias, which draws it further and further from the art of the ideal. This must abandon actualities, and lift itself with becoming boldness above mere necessities. For art is the daughter of freedom, and from the urgency of the spirit, not from the necessity of the matter, must its conceptions spring. But necessities now rule, and bow fallen manhood under their tyrannical yoke. Utility is the great idol of the age, which all powers serve, and to which all talent does homage."

Bel. There is no doubt truth in all this, though it is a little vague in expression. Yet between the claims of the ideal on the one side and of practical adherence to nature on the other, the artist seems to have as difficult a course to steer as between Scylla and Charybdis. In the past generation we had the ideal school, which, by endeavoring to lift itself above nature, became vague and untrue and phantasmical. Now we have the realistic school, which sins as much on the other side, and becomes literal and prosaic in its slavery

to imitation. Taking to avoid Scylla, we have fallen on Charybdis.

Mal. The true mean is of course difficult. If art were easy, and its path strictly drawn, it would cease to be the problem it is. But listen again to Schiller: "Matter without form" (he uses form in the highest sense of imaginative shaping) "is only a half-possession, for the most royal knowledge is buried when dead treasure in a mind, which knows not how to give it its shape. Form without matter, again, is only the shadow of a possession, and the utmost dexterity of art in expression is useless to him who has nothing to express."

Bel. All very true, but is it not also self-evident?

Mal. I suppose it is; but in discussions upon art, one has often strongly to insist upon principles which seem to be almost self-evident.

Bel. Let us go back a little to what you were saying about imitation not being the end of art. In music and in poetry, one sees at once that it is not. The ear has a science for its art, but unfortunately the eye has not. There is no absolute harmonic scale of color, and still less of form. And we must therefore depend on our natural instincts, as we have no definite positive rules.

Mal. That is undoubtedly true to a certain extent; but I have no doubt that there is a real science of harmony to the eye as well as to the ear, only we have not yet discovered and formally established it; and so we work blindly in the one, while our way is comparatively clear in the other. I spent a good many hours at one time in endeavoring to make a thorough-bass of color, but it foiled me, and after many experiments I gave it up. But sounds and colors are closely connected, and the harmonies of one are as absolute as those of the other. The blind feel this perhaps more than those who see, and certain sounds represent to their minds a corresponding color. You remember the blind man who said that the sound of the trumpet seemed to him scarlet. Do we not all feel that he was right? It may be fanciful, and of course it is, but most of the instruments represent to me colors.

Bel. You may well say this is fanciful. I do not follow you at all. They represent nothing of the kind to me; and even if what you say were true, I suppose to each different mind the effect would be different, and it would be difficult, if not impossible, to establish any agreement.

Mal. I dare say it would. I merely

threw out a hint. But the common use of the words "tone" and "harmony," as applied to color, indicate that there is a subtle connection between sound and color, however dim and intangible. Certainly some colors clash together, and produce the same mental impression as discords in music. So also harmonies of forms and lines are felt to be allied to music, though we cannot explain the relation. Proportion is harmony; symmetry is nothing but the harmonious relations of measures, and I have no doubt they have an absolute mathematical relation, as much as the pulsations of strings. It is because we do not scientifically know these relations that we are always groping in the dark; and having only an empirical knowledge, gained from practice, we are never sure of anything, and so cannot lift ourselves above imitations of what we see and feel to be agreeable; and this brings me back to what I was saying. In art, servile imitation means ignorance. Take sculpture, for instance. This, as I have said before, is at once the most positive, the most restricted in its means, and the most requiring in its end. If in this art mere imitation be not required as of necessity, it would seem to be required in no form of art. Yet it is precisely because of its literal imitation that sculpture in the modern days is defective. It has no style. It is not nature, it is the individual model; it is Lisette or Antoine. When compared with the best antique work, though it is far more elaborate in its execution, and more finished in its details, it is far inferior in character, dignity, and style. In the antique the forms are scientifically disposed, according to a certain established scale or harmony of proportion, and the details are subordinated to that distribution. The type is never lost sight of; it dominates all the parts. The Greek artist in his ideal works never suffered himself to be seduced by any accidents of the model from principles established by long study of the varying forms of nature, and reduced to system. His art has, like music, a thorough-bass, a scientific standard of proportion which is absolute. He permits himself no extravagance of gesture or form, but he seizes on the characteristic, works it boldly out, and knows what he is doing. All the ancient sculpture has a style of its own; whether the individual work be good or bad in execution, it is founded upon a distinct and scientific distribution of parts,—upon a system which the artist has learned, and knows as if it were a multiplication-table.

Modern sculpture, on the contrary, is full of accident. It is domineered over by the model. It is founded on no system and on no scientific basis. It has no absolute standard of proportion for the human form, it is governed by no law, and seeks through imitation of the individual model to supply this want. Part by part it is worked out, but without any understanding of the whole, and without any style. Imitation is its bane, because the imitation is carried out without principles and without selection, and what is seen in the model is copied and taken as absolute.

Bel. Do you say the ancients had a mathematical and scientific standard of proportion to which they always adhered?

Mal. Undoubtedly. No one can carefully examine the ancient statues without being struck by that. They are all marked by the same characteristics of proportion, and even their poorest works are blocked out on a regular system.

Bel. Would not such a rule limit the sculptor exceedingly, and tend to render his work mechanical?

Mal. Certainly not, if the standard was just. Nothing would help him more than an absolute rule of mean proportion. He might vary it in any figure, if he chose, for a special effect, but in so doing he would always know how far he strayed, and would be careful not to exaggerate. Besides, small variations produce great differences; and, after all, he must be careful to keep to the real proportions of the human figure, whatever he may do. Does grammar prevent us from being poets? Does the exact science of thorough-bass limit the range of music? Does not the imagination play with the utmost freedom within its bounds? Is the result of its strict rules, monotony of character among different composers? Is there any resemblance between Beethoven and Rossini? Yet they both worked within the same absolute rules of thorough-bass; and if at times Beethoven chose for effect, contrary to rule, to make consecutive fifths, he violated the rule consciously, while he recognized it as in ordinary cases just.

Bel. Was the rule of proportion the same through all ages of Greek art?

Mal. No. The first scientific and absolute standard of the proportion of the human figure was established by Polycleitus, who wrote the famous treatise on the canons of proportion, celebrated in antiquity, and who embodied its rules in the statue of the Doryphorus, which was called the Canon. After him Euphranor

introduced a variation, by lengthening the lower limbs in proportion to the torso; and still later, Lysippus increased this variation. But all recognize the necessity of a standard of proportion for the formalization of their work. This in no wise restrained their inventive powers, or limited the range of their imagination. How could it?

Bel. I do not see how it could. I merely asked the question, because I remember an article written upon a treatise of proportion, where the critic objected to any elaborate system or standard of proportion upon the ground that it restricted the artist's powers, left him no free play in his art, and tended to render his work mechanical.

Mal. Nonsense. Such a critic could have had little idea about art to entertain such a notion. He must have supposed that a sculptor could do nothing better than to set a model before him, and copy as accurately as possible what he saw. But such a method as this would never result in excellence, except by chance. A model should serve an artist only as a grammar or dictionary of reference, to supply gaps in his knowledge of special facts and nothing else. It would be impossible to take from one the soul of his work, — nay, even the pose of it, for the artist must use it in reference to a fixed notion of movement and expression in his own mind, and modify it to that. No model can take even the pose of the statue you are making, as you wish it to be; and some fixed notion you must have, otherwise, as the model constantly changes, not only in pose but even in parts, according to her changes of movement, his work would require constant changes to correspond, and he would never end.

Bel. Besides, no model can ever enter, I suppose, into the feeling of the artist, and assume the true moment he seeks.

Mal. Never; and therefore it becomes necessary for the artist to have a fixed conception, and a thorough knowledge of what is just and proper to express it, taking only from the model what suits his idea, and rejecting or modifying the rest. And here the Greeks are our great masters. They sought for style, and not for minute imitation of details. The details came in subordinated intelligently to the masses, and they formalized their statues to a scientific standard of proportion. Too minute an imitation was by them considered a defect. Callimachus, for instance, on account of his exceeding devotion to detail, was nicknamed *κατατηξίτεχνος*

— the over-refiner or niggler — and he was criticised by Quintilian as *nimius in veritate*. Lysippus, indeed, was celebrated for the great finish of his works (*argutie operum*), but in his standard of proportions he was more ideal than any of his predecessors, and he worked upon a peculiar system of his own, saying that "men should be represented, not as they were, but as they ought to be." Yet in his day the grand school was already on the wane, and soon began to decline into eclecticism, over-refinement, and delicacy, and to betake itself to portraiture and the making of Venuses and Cupids, — just as the best style of the great Italian painters declined and became academic in the time of the Caracci. In the grand school of Phidias, the details were completely subordinated to the masses. Nature was thoroughly understood and treated with great mastery, but minute detail was avoided.

Bel. Mr. Ruskin would seem to trace back to imitation of nature even the forms of arabesque, and has endeavored to account for the pleasing effect of certain lines and combinations by the suggestion that they are taken from natural products, as leaves and flowers, and are therefore beautiful. This seems to me to be an utterly untenable position. Forms and lines, and combinations of these, are not beautiful because they are to be found in nature, but simply because they are beautiful — that is, because there is an inborn sense of harmonious relations in the human mind to which they respond. Certain forms and certain proportions please the sense of beauty — and there is the end of it. A line does not please us because it may be found on the outline of a leaf, — for the outline on the leaf would not please us merely because it was found in nature, but simply because it pleases us. Both please us for the same reason. The combinations of harmonious and melodious tones in music are not taken from nature. They do not owe their charm to any imitation of nature's sounds, but to the inward sense of a man. And the same is the case with arabesque. Certain combinations are agreeable, and others are not, whether they may be found in nature or not. It is idle to tell me I ought not to like the Greek fret, because there is no such form to be found in nature, and it is an imitation of nothing; and that I ought to like the honeysuckle pattern, because it is taken from the flower. I answer that this has nothing to do with the reason why I like or dislike either pattern. All forms

in nature are not necessarily or equally beautiful, otherwise we might as well copy in arabesque one thing as another.

Mal. It was only this morning that I read a passage from Mr. Ruskin which bears upon this very question, and which is a famous specimen of his autocratic style and his inconsequential argumentation, or rather affirmation, which he deems philosophy. Here it is: "I have repeated again and again" (how imperious!) "that the *ideas of beauty are instinctive*, and that it is only upon consideration and in a *doubtful* and disputable way that they appear in their typical character." This would seem to agree with the notions you have just expressed. But mark how he continues: "While I assert positively, and have no fear of being able to *prove*, that a curve of any kind is more beautiful than a right line, I leave it to the reader to accept or not the only reason for its agreeableness that I can at all trace — namely, that every curve divides itself infinitely by its change of direction." Can there be a more extraordinary contradiction of sentiment than is exhibited in this passage? First, he asserts that the ideas of beauty are instinctive, and appear in a doubtful and disputable way; then that he can *prove* that a curve is more agreeable than a right line; and then the only *proof* that he can offer is a suggestion, which the reader may accept or not. How can you prove anything which is doubtful and disputable by a suggestion that in itself is admitted to be questionable?

Bel. If the ideas of beauty are instinctive, then of course a thing is beautiful because we like it, because it is agreeable to us, because it corresponds to an instinctive sense of beauty; and this is the end of the whole matter. Besides, I deny the proposition that "a curve of any kind is more beautiful than a straight line." A half-circle drawn with the compass is no more beautiful than the line of the diameter. Nothing is more fatiguing or mechanical than an uninterrupted curve. It is the combination of various curves, now flattened so as to be almost quite straight, now swelling, balancing each other, interrupted, and related to each other and to straight lines, which is agreeable in composition and in form.

Mal. On the coast of Cornwall the wreckers have the custom, on dark and stormy nights, of tying a lantern to the neck of a bell-wether, and setting him loose on the cliffs. As he moves along, nodding his head up and down, he attracts the notice of sailors and fishermen mak-

ing for shore, and, taking his wavering lantern for a lighted boat in harbor, they direct their course towards him, expecting thus to make a safe landing, and are lured and wrecked upon the rocks. I must confess I think that artists who take Mr. Ruskin as an absolute and practical guide in art will but too often find him a wandering — however brilliant — light to lure them to danger, and perhaps destruction. And the worst of it is that he is all the more dangerous as a guide because of his brilliancy.

Bel. Let us leave Mr. Ruskin and return to our text. Art, according to you, would be the medium between nature and man — the interfusion of facts with feelings and ideas — and not a mere rescript or imitation of dead nature.

Mal. If art be a language, it is plainly the duty of an artist to learn its grammar and structure as thoroughly as he can. Then the question is whether he has anything to say which is original, poetic, or interesting? It is scarcely worth while to learn the language if one has nothing but trivial commonplaces to announce by means of it. Where is the use in learning to make rhyme and verses if you have no poetic and inspiring ideas to express? The means employed in the various forms of art — in music, painting, sculpture, and poetry — are indeed quite different; but the end to be attained is the same — to stir and move the heart and mind, to lift it out of commonplace, and to idealize the literal and make it subservient to some grand or beautiful conception of the imagination. In each of the arts there is as great danger of doing too much as of doing too little, of being too literal as of being too vague. In many if not in most cases, a suggestion is better than a statement. Too much literalness of imitation invariably degenerates into dulness and prose, and a hint, suggestion, or touch often does more to stimulate the mind than a careful elaboration. Every great work contains more than its statements. It has a mystery in it that stimulates the mind, and carries it beyond the mere facts into a dreamland of sentiment and feeling. In poetry especially, the poet is often tempted to say too much. The imagination is always ready to supply whatever is suggested, but refuses to be guided and taught its lesson. In a picture, also, there is one thing to be represented in especial to which all else should be subordinated, one main idea to be expressed, and to insist in giving equal value to all that is

accessory is a mistake. Besides, it is not true to nature. When the eye is in the centre of the scene, then all is definite, while all else is subordinated and comparatively vague. To give to all the parts equal value and precision, is to draw off the mind from the main object upon which the attention should be fixed. The true artist shows his judgment as well as his imagination in not distracting the eye and the mind by giving the same importance of treatment or the same vividness of representation to the accidental and unnecessary as to the necessary and essential.

Bel. The same observation will apply to the theatre. The actors are obliterated by the gorgeous scenery behind them. "The Tempest" of Shakespeare, for instance, by this treatment becomes a scenic effect, and Prospero and Miranda are merely subordinate figures in a splendid landscape. With a green curtain behind them, the imagination will supply the scene, and the passions of the persons become the all in all, as they should. This is one reason why Shakespeare always produces a vastly greater effect on one who reads any of his plays than on the same person seeing them on the stage. The imagination must be very dull if we need actual facts and properties and scenery to stimulate them. But nowadays we must have a real wreck for Ferdinand; a real, or apparently real, river for Ophelia to drown in; a real castle, battlements, and moonlight for Hamlet to meet the ghost upon; and the poet is reduced to the line of the playwright. The scene-painter gets as much applause as the author. It is like the artist in "Little Peddlington," with the actual pump and the veritable axe and cow-house. We want illusion, not reality.

Mal. The stage has always exercised a great influence on art, as well as art has upon the stage. The Greeks had almost no scenery; their imaginations were so quick that they did not need it. They did not seek for scenic effects and illusions, but were absorbed in the passions portrayed by the actors in their words and gestures. They had no asides on the stage; but all was represented, so to speak, in *basso-relievo*. In like manner the figures in their pictures were in a plane, and had the character of *basso-relievo*. They had no middle distances, no far-off backgrounds, no various incidents, but only foreground figures. They were sparing in effects, and simple and almost sculptural in their arrangements, and concentrated

the interest in few figures. On our stage we represent distances and narrow planes with many figures and elaborate backgrounds and scenery, and our historical pictures partake of the effects of the theatre in their groupings and arrangements. We should not be satisfied with the simple and bare effects of the Greek stage. We not only want the play, but the scenery.

Bel. All our art is different from the art of the Greeks; and certainly in one art — that of music — we have left them, so to say, nowhere. The monotony of their music would bore us to death. This is the great art of our century, which has developed a new world. I doubt if they did not surpass us in painting as much as in sculpture; but unfortunately we have none of their pictures except a few wall decorations, and not one of their wonderful statues except those which are partly decorative — so, at least, I have often heard you say.

Mal. It is true. The noble works of the Parthenon, of which only a few defaced and broken statues now remain, are decorative figures made by unknown artists, and not celebrated by any ancient writer. But if these noble statues were only decorative, and not considered worthy of special notice, what must have been those famous ones which were the wonder of the world, and so extravagantly praised by the critics of antiquity! What must have been the Athena of Phidias, or the Olympian Zeus, which was said to have exalted and enlarged religion itself! What the magnificent works of Praxiteles, Calamis, Polycleitus, Lysippus, Scopas, Alcámenes, Myron, Agoracritus, and the rest! All these are lost; not one remains — unless, perhaps, we may except the group of Hermes and Cupid lately unearthed at Olympia, which is full of feeling, grace, and nature, and which, as it corresponds to the text of Pausanias in subject and place where it was found, may possibly be by Praxiteles. But which Praxiteles — for there were two — if either? We must be very careful to remember that Pausanias wrote centuries after Praxiteles died; and all that he can say is that a statue then stood in this place which was called a work of Praxiteles. Well, how many pictures that are called Raphaels, and how many statues that are called Michel Angelos, do we not know that neither Raphael nor Michel Angelo ever saw? And we have only Roman copies of the great Greek works. Nay, we do not even know with certainty that even these are copies,

or if so, of what they are copies. The Apollo Belvedere itself is a Roman work of about the time of Nero.

Bel. How do you know this?

Mal. First, from its workmanship. It is not in the Greek style — not *carré* — squared, and flat in its planes, but rounded in its forms, as the Romans worked; and second, because it is executed in Luna or Carrara marble, which fixes its date — the quarries of Carrara having been first opened about the time of Nero.

Bel. Is there, then, so great a difference between the style of workmanship among the Romans and the Greeks?

Mal. Very great. But it would take too long to explain it here; and, besides, I doubt if I should make it perfectly intelligible in words after all, though I could easily show you the difference by comparing two statues. All I can say is that the Greek work is, to use two French words which better explain what I mean than any English ones which I can now think of, *carré* and *arrêté* — more squared out and decisive in its statements of form. The scientific statement of form is never lost. The treatment is freer, bolder, and based on clearer knowledge and principles. The Roman work is more puffy and rounded, and the muscles are more feebly stated and smoothed away. Compare the Apollo with the Theseus of the Elgin Marbles, and you will at once see the difference.

Bel. But were not all, or nearly all, the sculptors in Rome Greeks?

Mal. That is the general opinion, I know; but I do not agree to it. If they were, they changed their whole style of workmanship. But I see no sufficient reason for any such supposition. Almost all the known names of sculptors in Rome are Greek in their terminations undoubtedly, but this proves nothing. Greece was the land of art and of sculpture, and at one period undoubtedly many came to Rome and practised this profession there — though it does not seem that among these there was a single one of the celebrated sculptors. But Greece could never have supplied artists enough to make the almost incredible number of statues that existed in Rome. They were, as you remember, said to equal in number the inhabitants. One man alone — Emilius Scaurus — had three thousand disposable statues to put into his temporary theatre; and how many more he had, who knows! Now the inhabitants of Rome — not of the *urbs*, or city, but of what was called Rome (the Romans making in this respect

the same distinction that is now made between London and the City) — must have been at least four millions; and it is difficult to believe that Greece alone could have furnished artists enough to make them, even if she had sent every sculptor she had to Rome.

Bel. Do you place the inhabitants of Rome at so high a figure? You surprise me. Mr. Merivale, if I remember right, only puts them at some seven hundred thousand.

Mal. Justus Lipsius, who is a far better authority on this point, has discussed the question in a very elaborate essay, and he estimates the number at four millions. After carefully examining all the data we have, all the statements of the various ancient writers who allude to it, and all the facts which seem to bear on the question, I am convinced that in estimating the number at four millions, I am rather understating than overstating it. It is much more probable that it was larger than that it was smaller. But if you are interested in the question, I will lend you an essay on it which I wrote years ago, and which will give you the grounds on which my estimate is founded. De Quincey also estimates the inhabitants of Rome at four millions. I will only cite one fact, and then leave this question. The Circus Maximus was constructed to hold two hundred and fifty thousand, or, according to Victor, at a later period probably, three hundred and eighty-five thousand spectators. Taking the smaller number, then, it would be one in sixteen of all the inhabitants if there were four millions. But as one-half the population was composed of slaves, who must be struck out of the spectators, when the circus was built there would be accommodation then for one in eight of the total population, excluding slaves. Reducing again the number one-half by striking out the women, there would be room for one in four. Again, striking out the young children and the old men and the sick and impotent, you would have accommodation for nearly the whole population. Is it possible to believe that the Romans constructed a circus to hold the entire population of Rome capable of going to it? — for such must have been the case were there only four millions of inhabitants. But suppose there were only a million inhabitants, it is plain from the mere figures that it would never have been possible to half-fill the circus. But I will say no more on this subject now, for otherwise we shall spend the whole day on it, and I have already

thoroughly discussed it in the paper of which I spoke. Let us now go back to the Roman sculptors. I was saying that I saw no sufficient reason for supposing the sculptors in Rome to be Greeks, although for the most part the names which have come down to us have Greek terminations. I take it that it was the fashion in Rome for sculptors to assume Greek names, just as in our day singers assume Italian names, and for a similar reason. Italy is the land of song and opera; the language is the language of opera; and singers of all nations take Italian terminations to their names, just as, Greece being the land of sculpture originally, and having produced the most renowned sculptors, the Roman sculptors assumed Greek names, and perhaps pretended to be Greeks. Some of them probably, although long domesticated in Rome, also came of Greek ancestry; at all events, we know it was the fashion among dandies and literary men in Rome to talk Greek, and to quote Greek, and to put on Greek airs, and to wear Greek dresses; and it is quite probable, therefore, that this affectation extended to sculptors. To such an extent was this carried, that the great Julius Cæsar himself, while dying, remonstrated in Greek with his assassins; and Cicero in his "Officiis" recommends the Romans "not to lard their talk with Greek quotations," though, as far as his own letters are concerned, he greatly sinned against his own precept.

Bel. Yes; and I remember Shakespeare, who divined everything, girds at this peculiarity of Cicero in his "Julius Cæsar." Cassius says, "Did Cicero say anything?" and Casca answers, "Ay, he spoke Greek."

Mal. Well, suppose a thousand years to pass by, and some Australian or South American or Patagonian to be endeavoring to trace the history of music from the records we have — would he not be as much justified in declaring that all the singers of this age were plainly Italians, inasmuch as their very names were evidences of the fact, as we are in declaring all the Roman sculptors to have been Greeks?

Bel. In like manner in later times, when Latin was the literary language, most of the writers assumed Latin names, of whatever nation they were — as for instance the old chroniclers, Luitprandus, Frisingius, Ditzmarus, Arnulphus, Adelboldus, Rupertus, Adhemarus Ostiensis, Chronographus Saxo, and others. Nay, even in our own day we see the German historian

of the Middle Ages in Rome calling himself Gregorovius, after the old fashion.

Mal. It is a curious fact, however, that Rome itself has given us no great names in literature or art. None of the great Latin writers of ancient times in prose or poetry were Romans; and none of the great painters, poets, or writers of the Renaissance. Among the former, for instance — Virgil was a Mantuan; Terence a Carthaginian and a slave; Lucan and Seneca were Spaniards, and were both born at Cordova; Plautus was an Umbrian; the elder Pliny came from Verona, and the younger was born at Como; Cicero was born at Arpinum, in the Abruzzi; Sallust was a Sabine, and came from Amiternum; Catullus came from Verona; Propertius was an Umbrian; Tibullus came from Pedum, in the Sabine hills; Juvenal probably was born at Aquinum, though the exact place of his birth is not known; Martial was a Spaniard from Bilbilis; Persius was an Etrurian from Volterra; Livy came from Padua, where he was born and died; Cornelius Nepos was a Veronese; Ovid was born at Sulmo, in the country of the Peligini; Horace was an Apulian from Venusia; Phædrus was a Thracian or Macedonian; Strabo came from Amasia, in Pontus; Julius Columella from Cadiz; Quintilian from Calagurris, in Spain; Apuleius from Madaura, in Africa; Ausonius from Bordeaux; Statius from Naples; Valerius Flaccus from Padua; Fronto from Numidia.

Bel. This is very remarkable, but you have left out in your list Tacitus, Lucretius, and Suetonius.

Mal. I shall have to give up Lucretius, and also Varro. These were both born at Rome, and in the whole range of authors these are the only exceptions. As for Tacitus, the time and the place of his birth are unknown, as well as the time of his death, so we can say nothing about him. If he were a Roman he was an exception, as you see, to the general rule, and there is no reason to suppose he was. So also the birthplace of Suetonius is unknown. Rome has therefore no great name among authors to boast of in the ancient days, with the exception of Julius Cæsar, Lucretius, and Varro. The same observation holds good of the time of the Renaissance. All the great painters, and sculptors, and poets, and historians, and essayists, came from other places — principally from Venetia, from Umbria, from Tuscany, from Naples. I cannot recall a single one who was born in Rome, unless, perhaps, Julio Romano. Dante, Petrarca, Ariosto, Pulci,

Tasso, Macchiavelli, Muratori, Boccaccio, Michel Angelo, Titian, Correggio, Veronese, Palma, Da Vinci, Giotto, Massaccio, Lippi — in a word, all the great men who illustrate the literature and art of Italy — were born out of Rome. The Eternal City can show "no single volume paramount" — no master spirit.

Bel. Ah! but you cannot make good all your quotation. You cannot say, "No single volume paramount — no code." There at least the Romans were great — in their laws and their science of government. The Roman code is the basis of all our law.

Mal. I am not so sure even of that. The Institutes, Digests, Code, and Novellæ — that is, the whole Corpus Juris Civilis — was indeed compiled under the order of Justinian, then emperor of Constantinople. But he was not born in Rome, and we have no knowledge that on the commission of jurists to whom the compilation of this great work was confided there was a single Roman. There may have been, but there is no proof, nor even probability, that there was. So, too, the Theodosian Codex was compiled in the East in the reign of Theodosius, called the Great, and he was not a Roman. We do not even know that Gaius, the great Roman jurist, whose "Institutiones" were the text-book of the Roman law before the Institutes of Justinian, was a Roman by birth. Besides, the law was not a science, and scarcely a system, in the time of Cicero, and the advocate founded his cases more upon appeals to the passions and prejudices of his jurors than on strictly legal arguments. Cicero, in one of his speeches, casts a slur upon the condition of the law in his day, and says, "Occupied as I am, I could yet make myself sufficient of a lawyer in three days." In trials of State criminals the jury selected from the senators were judges as well of law as of fact, and the presiding magistrate was scarcely more than the curule chairman, without any power of decision.

Bel. You must add to the list of Romans the name of Marcus Aurelius, who was certainly born in Rome.

Mal. How could I have omitted him? Yes, truly his name does make up for a great deal. I know nothing nobler in spirit than his "Meditations," though perhaps his name could not properly come in among the great authors of Rome. He was the purest and noblest character that ever wore the purple, and one of the purest and noblest spirits that ever lived. It is not the literary merit of his book, however,

that gives it value. It was but a private journal, and not a book intended for the public, and I was rather thinking of authors who wrote for the world.

Bel. Well, at all events you will admit that the great artists in Greece were Greeks, and that Athens was not as poor in native artists as Rome.

Mal. That depends on what you mean by Greeks. Many of them certainly were not Greeks proper, and very few Athenians. Polygnotus, for instance, was a Thracian by birth, and came from Thaos, and his Athenian citizenship was only conferred upon him on account of his distinction. Zeuxis, again, was a Macedonian from Heraclea; Parrhasius was an Ephesian from Asia Minor; Pamphilus was also a Macedonian from Amphipolis.

Bel. Who was Pamphilus? His name is not familiar to me among the great Greek painters.

Mal. Still he was a very distinguished man, and of great repute in his country — a Greek Leonardo da Vinci, skilled in mathematics, geometry, various branches of science, and painting in all its methods, of wax, encaustic, etc. He was the master, among others, of Apelles, Melanthius, and Pausias, and it was through his influence that the arts of Greece were greatly developed. He had a school of art, in which the course of study occupied ten years, and his entrance fee was a talent, which the scholar was obliged to pay whether he pursued the whole course or not. But to go on with the Greek artists who were not Greeks, we must add the great name of Apelles, who was born in Asia Minor, though at what precise place is not agreed upon. Suidas refers his birth to Colophon, but Pliny to Cos. The Apelles to whom Lucian refers as an Ephesian is probably another person; whatever he was, however, he was not a Greek proper. Dionysius was also a native of Colophon; Athenion was a Thracian from Maurea; Autophilus an Egyptian; and Protagenes, either a Carian from Caunus, or, according to Suidas, a Lycian from Xanthus.

Bel. Were there none of the great painters of antiquity who were Greeks proper? — none who were Athenians?

Mal. A few. Timanthes was a Greek from Sicyon; so was Eupompus, I believe. Apollodorus, Nicias, and Panœnus (the nephew of Phidias) were Athenians; but I recall no one else among the painters. Yes, I do. Nicomachus and Aristides were both Bœotians from Thebes. As for the sculptors —

Bel. No, I thank you. I am sufficiently upset now in my ideas. You will go on and prove that Greece never produced any great men. I decline. I am not sure that you won't undertake to prove, in Mrs. Gamp's phraseology, that "there wan't never no such place as Athens," and that it is a sort of "Harris" among cities — a 'Ἀρρισσόπολις, and that Haristides is as apocryphal as William Tell. I should not dare to ask you who Pericles was.

Mal. Your last statement reminds me of a pretty girl, not over-cultivated in literature and classical lore, who was turning over the leaves of Shakespeare's plays one day, and came to "Pericles." Here she paused for a moment, and then, looking up, said with a delightful smile, and pronouncing the great Athenian's name as she would "obstacles" or "manacles" — "Pericles, Pericles — what *are* Pericles?"

Bel. Did you tell her?

Mal. I told her they were a queer sort of shellfish, or periwinkle, or oyster, found in Greece, and that when the Greek girls got tired of a man they wrote his name on the half-shell, which was a delicate way of sending him off, and this they called ostracising him.

Bel. And what did she say?

Mal. No matter.

Bel. That reminds me of a definition of mind and matter, which I once heard: "What is mind?" "No matter." "What is matter?" "Never mind."

From Time.

A DOG STORY.

BY MRS. MOLESWORTH.

MR. AMBROSE DORNLEY lived at Upperbrooke. Upperbrooke is a pretty — better than pretty, indeed; one might almost call it picturesque — village, fully three miles from a railway station, though within an hour and a half of London. Mr. Dornley's "residence" (for in this case there is no avoiding the objectionable word), Brooke Hamlet, stood at one end of the village. It was scarcely important enough to be described as a place, yet as there was nothing of a suburban villa about it, the exact term is difficult to find. It was an old house, too, and had belonged to its present owners for more than one generation. Mr. Dornley was a man of quiet tastes; contented with his lot; neither impulsive nor irascible; by no means "horsey," though such horses as he had were unexceptionable; a good hus-

band and father, though far from weakly indulgent in either relation; with but one idiosyncrasy in the least approaching a foible, and that was his dog, his "Donal" — Donal without the final "d," be it observed, which I am assured is the true and original form of the Gaelic name. Donal or "Don," as the Dornley boys abbreviated it, was, as might be guessed, a collie, a real, thorough-bred collie of the best, a splendid fellow, even in the eyes of a dog-ignoramus like myself, on whom doubtless many of his finest "points" were thrown away, but who nevertheless could keenly appreciate his handsome physique, his rough yet glossy coat, his bushy tail, best of all, his bright, intent, loving brown eyes; loving, that is to say, where his faith and affection were due, for Don was no fool to make friends with the first comer. We will not call him "suspicious;" it is an ugly word; rather let us say he was gifted with a fair share of Scottish caution, which rendered his confidence once acquired all the better worth having.

All Upperbrooke knew Don, nearly all Upperbrooke loved him, and the dislike with which he was regarded by the few inevitable ne'er-do-weels or sour and crabbed souls in the little society, in itself a compliment to the high-minded collie, never intensified into anything like hatred. There was nothing about him to call forth such a sentiment; he never interfered when not desired to do so; his disapproval was indicated but by a more dignified demeanor, a something in the sweep of his tail, in the stiffer erecting of his ears, as in lordly contempt he stalked past. Nor was this silent protest inefficacious on all occasions. There ran a legend that a small Dornley had been brought to the avowal of a childish misdemeanor by Donal's influence.

"Don isn't pleased with me, mamma," the boy sobbed out to his mother, who was well-nigh as fond of the dog as was her husband. "He hasn't *said* anything, but has looked at me so, and 'quicked' up his ears and done his tail at me, and it's because he knows I've been naughty."

To dog-lovers at least, even to those with no very special leaning in this direction, it will not be difficult to picture the dismay and consternation with which one morning there broke upon the ears of the Dornley family the fell news that their Donal was lost! Ill news spreads quickly, but in this case, unluckily, those whom the disaster most concerned were the last to hear of it. For Mr. and Mrs. Dornley had

been away from home for two days and a night, only returning by the last train when, according to the servants' opinion, it was too late to do anything more than, in the master's absence, they had already done themselves. This, at least, was the coachman's excuse when met by Mr. Dornley's imperative reproach, —

"Why did you not tell me at once when you came to meet us at the station last night?"

Then followed the particulars. Don had been missing since about three o'clock the day before, at which hour various witnesses were able to depose to having seen him strolling about the grounds as usual. And, as worse luck would have it, about that very hour there had passed through the village and along the highroad to London a number of vans, travelling menagerie vans, of a second or third-rate class, with the shady-looking drivers and wild-beast keepers and what not, more or less of the riff-raff order, who accompany them.

Mr. Dornley's face grew stern; Florence, his wife, was already very pale, biting her lips to keep back her tears; the little boys were weeping audibly.

Yes, that was the worst of it. As the coachman, determined, now he had taken the plunge, to make a clean breast of it, related the fateful coincidence, the same thought struck every one. Faithful, sagacious Donal was not *lost* but *stolen*.

"He is far too intelligent ever to be lost," said the dog's master sadly. "Besides, I have often noticed that when I am away he has a sort of feeling that he is left in charge. Don't you remember, Florence, as we drove off the other day, Donal was on the lawn with the children, and he came forward as we called out 'Good-bye,' and wagged his tail, and looked up as much as to say, 'Trust me. I'll look after them all'? No, Don is not *lost*."

Nevertheless he had to be found! Little else was talked of in Upperbrooke for some days to come than the sad event at the Hamlet. Mr. Dornley drove all over the neighborhood, managing even to trace the wild-beast show to a small town where it had made a halt, and to interview the proprietor, but with no result. If any of his people had stolen the dog — and after all, as he himself said, a dog was of no special value or attraction to them; they had quadrupeds enough — it was quite possible that he did not know of it, and more than probable that the thief had already disposed of his ill-gotten gain. There was nothing to be learnt in this

quarter. Then the master of the Hamlet went off to London; he put advertisements in every daily paper; posters here, there, and everywhere; visited half the police-stations and all the dogs' homes in the metropolis, in vain, coming home disconsolate to be met at the station by Simpkins the coachman and Jephson the groom in an equally limp and dejected condition, having each of them been scouring the country in new directions on his own account, with a like fruitless result.

Next followed the tantalizing torment of false—not alarms, but hopes, as quickly quenched as excited. For some days every post brought letters telling of canine waifs and strays, the flotsam and jetsam of Dogland apparently, all over the country, alike but in one particular; their total and entire *unlikeness* to the collie so carefully and efficiently described in the advertisements which had called forth this flood of useless response.

"It must be the high reward you offered," said Mrs. Dornley, illogically, it must be confessed, as if, as her husband pointed out, any hope of reward could turn a mastiff or a pug into a collie, though some few of the letters which contented themselves with informing the advertiser that a dog "answering description" had turned up at Twickenham Ferry or St. Leonard's-on-Sea were even more trying. For to more than one of these latter Mr. Dornley was tempted to reply by "going himself" or sending Simpkins, a proceeding sure to end in disappointment and indignation at the waste of time and trouble, as in no case was the individual produced for their inspection the least like Donal.

"It is no use; we must give it up and try to forget him," said the collie's master at last bitterly. "It really is the most mysterious thing. If one could but be sure the dear fellow was properly treated, and not suffering in any way, it would not seem so bad."

"He is surely too valuable and handsome to run any risk of neglect or ill-treatment," Mrs. Florence ventured to observe, with more success this time, as her usually sweet-tempered, but of late sorely irritated, husband allowed "there might be something in that."

And as the days went on the children, as children must, began to forget their old friend a little; they left off crying when they said their prayers at night at the special petition they had themselves composed that "dear Don might soon come safe home;" and the empty kennel

was pushed into a corner of the yard, and Simpkins even hinted to Jephson that "master'd do well to look out for a good watchdog; 'twasn't well to be without in a country place, and so many tramps passing; and this time he hoped it 'ud be a kind as was used to be chained up." But he had not got so far as to suggest this to "master" himself, in whose heart Don's own corner still ached as if the wound were but now inflicted, when one evening there came out orders to have the dog-cart ready for the station to catch the 9.30 train the next morning. Mr. Dornley was going up to town.

This was no very unusual occurrence; once a fortnight or so the owner of Brooke Hamlet ran up for the day, for he was not an idle man, and belonged to more than one scientific or learned society.

"I'll speak about a new dog to-night when I'm driving him home," said Simpkins. "It's really not fitting to be without one. And after all a dog's a dog; 'tisn't like losing a child of one's own."

"'Tisn't much less, I take it, to master," said Jephson. "I never, no, I never, see'd a gentleman more took up with a fourfooted beast than he were with Donal, and the creature deserved it, he did. It'll go against me to see another in his place; I can't but say as it will."

Simpkins probably felt the same, though he would not own to it. And it was to him a sort of reprieve when at the very last moment Mr. Dornley told him not to meet him on his return; he was not sure of his train, and would like the walk. The suggestion the man had it on his conscience to make must wait till another opportunity.

It was now fully three, getting on indeed for four, months since Donal's disappearance. One or two well-meaning neighbors going up by the same train as Mr. Dornley and in the same carriage hazarded a question or two, to which they knew the answer before it came.

"No, no; no news of Donal, poor fellow," was his master's reply, rather shortly given, as he hastened to change the subject by some remark on last night's debate or the unsettled state of South Africa.

"Upon my word," said one of these would-be sympathizers to another, as they shared a hansom to the City, "Dornley is almost absurd about his dog. His face clouds over, and he shuts one up, if one mentions the creature, as if Don had been his dearest friend."

"Ye-es," said the other, a younger and more impressionable man, "perhaps so.

Still, if you've never gone through it yourself, it's a thing you can't understand — losing your dog, I mean," and he heaved a sigh to the memory of some past experience of the kind.

Mr. Dornley was sighing too, though not audibly, as he strolled up Regina Street.

"Wish those fellows had held their tongues," he was saying to himself. "Their common sense might have told them it wasn't a pleasant subject. I wish to goodness I could forget about my poor dog. I'd even give something to know he was dead."

As he thought thus, from a side street there emerged into his view a shabby, moleskin waistcoated and capped, generally ill-looking individual; he seemed like a *very* decayed gamekeeper, or by a great stretch of the imagination one could have fancied that at some past period of his existence he had been an under-groom in a gentleman's stable. Mr. Dornley's gaze fell on him, passed over him, and withdrew, as our gaze falls on a thousand human beings whom we do not even know that our eyes have perceived. But something else had been perceived in that sixtieth part of a second by the eyes, which, faithful to their own department, at once reported it to the brain. And the brain's orders came peremptorily, —

"Look again;" and Mr. Dornley's eyes looked, not knowing that they had seen.

Then the whole man started, impelled at once by the consciousness of what was before him.

Half hidden at the first glance by the man who held him closely chained was a noble dog. His great, soft eyes gazed sadly and forlornly on the ugly, muddy London street, his head turning as if in search of a friendly glance or word. Mr. Dornley stared for a moment, but he kept his wits about him. The ill-looking fellow caught his eyes, and instantly dragged forward the collie — for a collie it was — into a more prominent position.

"Want to buy a dog, sir?" he began obsequiously. "Brought 'im up from the country this very mornin' as ever was. Reared 'im myself; knows all about 'im; shall 'ave 'im a real bargain, sir; too many about our place, else I wouldn't part with 'im for no price, and that's the gospel truth."

The dog looked at Mr. Dornley; Mr. Dornley looked at the dog. He (Mr. Dornley) had hard work to control himself. "Don! my old Donal!" was on the tip of his tongue, but he must be cautious.

"He hasn't recognized me yet," he said to himself, "and if he did the man might make off with him."

"What do you want for him?" he asked curtly, speaking rather low, for fear of Donal's hearing his voice, while with the tail of his eye, greatly to his satisfaction, he descried the portly form of a policeman looming near.

The man scratched his head.

"Well now, sir," he began, "if I was to say a fiver, it 'ud be *givin'* 'im away, it would. Just you see 'ere, sir," and he stooped to drag apart the collie's jaws; the dog, only opening his mouth to snarl, shut it again more firmly. Mr. Dornley meanwhile had seized his opportunity. A telegraphic signal, and the policeman was at his side, unperceived by the loafer, still struggling with the dog's mouth.

Then came a voice of thunder.

"Drop that, will you? A fiver, indeed! You shall have five years if I can get it you. He is my dog; you have stolen him."

The man glanced up, gave one gasp, and then — he was too quick for them. He turned and fled, leaving the dog there and then, and before either Mr. Dornley or the policeman had quite taken it all in, they found themselves alone on the pavement, the collie between them. There was no use in giving chase; the thief was as nimble as only a thief can be; the policeman was ponderous.

After a moment Mr. Dornley decided to make the best of it. Catching the dog by the chain — not of course that that was necessary with *Donal* — he looked up with a laugh.

"'Pon my word," he said, "that was quick work."

"Your dog, sir?" said No. Something laconically.

"My dog," he replied.

"Stolen?"

"Of course he was stolen. Didn't you see the fellow's face and how he made off when I taxed him with it?"

The policeman stared down the street whence long ago the fugitive had disappeared. It was a peculiar state of matters; he did not quite know how to meet it.

"Well, sir, I suppose you'd best keep him now you've got him. But if it's all one to you, sir, I'd be obliged by your name and address."

"Certainly," said Mr. Dornley, taking out his card-case, with a touch of hauteur. "You'll find it in most of your police-stations. I've been advertising for this

dog for the last four months, spent no end of money, and all the time he's been in the hands of a noted dog-stealer; at least, the fellow looks like it. I thought you knew that sort by sight?"

The policeman looked mysterious. He found it convenient to turn his attention to the dog.

"Doesn't seem so very friendly with you, sir," he said, and indeed the collie's melancholy eyes had no brightening in them, even when Mr. Dornley patted his head and murmured fondly, —

"My good old Donal!"

"Poor fellow," he said aloud, "he has been so neglected and bullied that he's lost his spirit. He'll be all right when I get him home."

But a crowd was beginning to gather, and this, Don's master did not desire. With a nod to the policeman, and firmly clutching the chain, he turned, retracing his steps to the station he had left not twenty minutes ago.

"I'll catch the 11.45 back," he said to himself. "They'll all be so delighted, and it's best to take him straight home. That fellow may have confederates."

It was not far to the station, fortunately, for the dog pulled back a good deal, making his new master feel hot and uncomfortable.

"He'll make me look like a dog-stealer myself," he thought. "Dear me! what a few weeks' ill-usage will do! Donal, who would have followed me with a silken thread or with no thread at all! He doesn't look in such bad condition, either. Oh, it will be all right when he gets home and sees all his old haunts again!"

It was not a crowded time of day, and Mr. Dornley was well known on the line. No difficulty was made as to the dog's sharing his master's compartment, but he still looked depressed and almost sulky, crouching in a corner as if he had not a friend on earth. Mr. Dornley's caresses were in vain. "Good Donal! dear old fellow!" pats and strokings, had no effect. The collie was gentle enough. Once or twice he tried a feeble wag of the tail, but he was evidently strange and feeling quite *dépayé*. It was very disappointing, and at Underbrooke Station, the nearest railway point to Upperbrooke village, Mr. Dornley, who had been rather looking forward to a sort of triumphal reception of the truant, was on the whole not sorry that there was no one about save a stolid and recently imported porter, who knew not Donal.

It was a hot and tiresome walk home.

There was no question of loosing the dog and letting him follow, he had so very little look of "following" about him. Mr. Dornley felt both distressed and mortified; he could have staked his life on Donal's intelligence and fidelity. But still, "A day or two will make him all right," he repeated, as he tugged the unwilling collie into his own stable yard.

"Simpkins, Jephson, where are you all?" he shouted. The yard seemed deserted, the fact being that coachman, grooms, gardeners, and everybody were assembled in one of the outhouses in a state of no small excitement. "Simpkins," again shouted his master, "come out, can't you? I've found Donal and brought him back."

Simpkins emerged at last, very red in the face, his eyes sparkling, but at the sight before him he grew still redder, and opened his mouth without speaking.

"You've found Donal, sir!" he ejaculated.

"To be sure. Don't you see him?"

"Pon my —" began the coachman, at a loss for a sufficiently forcible expression, "yes, sir. To be sure, and I'd have said so myself; it's Donal to the end of his nose — if it wasn't that —"

"That what, you idiot?" said Mr. Dornley, losing patience at last. "Are you bewitched? Is the dog bewitched?" for the collie was dragging away from him in the most aggravating manner.

"If it wasn't, sir, that Donal's here already. He came back this morning just as I drove home from the railway, walked in, sir, as cool as could be. Here he is!" for the outhouse door had burst open, and out dashed the true Donal, not cool now, but leaping, barking, wagging his tail till you wondered it did not drop off, in his frantic delight at finding again his beloved master.

It was very gratifying, but very embarrassing. Mr. Dornley felt as if the ponderous policeman had been in the right to ask for his card.

However, the extraordinary resemblance between the two dogs would have deceived *any one*. In this all agreed. And if Mr. Dornley had stolen Donal No. 2, at least he had stolen him *from a thief*, which surely altered the aspect of things!

Where had Donal, the true Donal, been? That we have never known. He looked well and plump; but it was hardly credible that he had stayed away of his own free will, for his rapture at being restored to his "own family" was unmistakable.

Money was not spared in advertising

his double. But he was never claimed by any one in the slightest degree able to prove a right to him, and in the end my friend and neighbor handed him over to me. It took the dear fellow some time to make himself at home, for which I liked him the better. Many a day I saw in his deep, gentle eyes the shadow of homesickness for the unknown master he had been parted from, but by degrees he acclimatized himself, and we are now the best of friends; and if there *can* be a dog as delightful as the Dornleys' Donal, I will take it upon myself to say that that dog is my Jock.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

GREEK ISLANDS AND HIGHLANDS.

FOR some years past the conviction has been steadily gaining ground that the star of the little kingdom of Hellas is distinctly in the ascendant. Some of our best scholars have visited her shores, not in the character of the Philhellenists of old, or even with the exclusive view of measuring the Parthenon and criticising the results of excavations at Mycenæ and Olympia, but rather to gauge her capabilities as a playground, and to mark the present condition of her men and manners. Already Professor Jebb and Public Orator Sandys have given to the world the gist of their experience as modest tourists in the realm of King George. The great emeritus professor J. S. Blackie himself has occupied two columns of the *Times* in drawing attention to the interest and value of Greek *Volkslieder*. Lesser luminaries have from time to time coruscated with greater or less effect. Perhaps the latest utterance is that of Mr. Charles Cheston in his "Greece in 1887," in which, while seeking in the first instance to set clearly before us the financial and commercial progress of the country, he has contrived also to touch with a facile pen many other features which are not by any means "caviare to the general." Enterprising ladies have translated Greek songs and doled out instalments of the local folklore, which promises to become as prolific a field here as it has proved itself to be elsewhere. And all this, be it remembered, is quite independent of "Hellenic Societies" and "British Schools," which devote their energies to the discovery, conservation, and study of the classical, as distinct from the modern, or even mediæval, glories of the land.

On all hands there is a cry of "*Græcia Rediviva*."

The traveller has a choice of routes by which to approach the magic shores of Hellas. He may go *viâ* Trieste, or he may go *viâ* Brindisi. If he be wise, however, and moderately at his ease on Poseidon's broad, yet not always steady, heritage, he will go *viâ* neither, but choose rather the somewhat longer though far more remunerative voyage which has its starting point at Marseilles, and its terminus, so far as he is concerned, at the Peiræus. He will avail himself of the well-found line of packets belonging to the Fraissinet Company, one of which leaves the commercial capital of France each week for the Levant. He will thus secure to himself not only the minimum of railway travelling, but also the maximum of interest *en route*. The Marseilles quay is itself an entertaining spot. Its scenes are as varied as its speech is polyglot and its crew motley; East and West here coalesce in a fashion almost as thorough and picturesque as on the famous bridge which joins Galata to Stamboul. True, there is no background of minarets to complete the illusion; yet the view, looking landward, when the vessel has cleared the harbor, is anything but commonplace. Regarded from this safe distance the city is no unworthy daughter of its ancient Phocæan mother, and, even as we tread its unlovely streets, the indescribable fusion of African, Asiatic, and European elements stamps it with an individuality which forces us to forget for the moment its squalor and unutterably malodorous propensities. Happily we are soon beyond the ken of both.

A sunset in the Strait of Bonifacio, once seen, is an everlasting possession. Desolate and ironbound as is the coast on either hand, it assumes, when illumined by the slanting rays of the dying sun-god, a wild beauty of which the image can never wholly fade from the memory. The spot, too, has its associations, infinitely pathetic and other. It may be nothing to us that our republican fellow-voyager points contemptuously to the left and mutters "*Fabrique d'empereurs*." We may care nothing for principalities or powers, but if we bethink us of Newman in this very waterway composing the pearl of our English hymnology, or of the twenty-five who here started on the final journey of humankind from the wreck of the ill-fated Tasmania, we may possibly discover food for a few minutes' reflection.

Wending southward, in due course we

thread our way through the Lipari group, and, if by night, may prepare ourselves for a view of Stromboli in full blast — not, indeed, a spectacle of overwhelming grandeur, yet striking enough to the eyes of those who have never before seen a volcano at work. If by day, we are more than likely to behold the grand bulk of snow-capt Etna as it rises before us out of the sea-haze, some fifty miles in a beeline from the deck of our steamer. Most mountains, if visible at all from the sea, look their best under those conditions. Olympus, the Thessalian, not the Bithynian, and Adam's Peak in Ceylon, are cases in point; but Mongibello is more impressive than either of these. There is an air of solidity and robustness about him which not merely invites but enforces respect, especially when one reflects that those massy flanks have ere now run with rivers of molten destruction, and may at any moment so run again. He is seen to advantage also from the main street of Catania, which, paved as it is with lava-blocks, brings his eruptive proclivities well home to us. There, however, we of course lose the halo of dim mystery which an intervening stretch of blue water invariably casts around an eminence, whether natural or the work of men's hands.

The brief pause of our throbbing engines between Scylla and Charybdis does not allow more than the most superficial survey of busy Messina. Yet it is enough to satisfy us that not here would we willingly pitch our tents for the appointed remnant of our days. The prospect indeed pleases, so far as the natural beauties of the situation are concerned, but man is in these regions so irretrievably vile — man, that is to say, in the variety which affects the immediate neighborhood of the harbor. Let us rather hasten aboard and gird up our loins for the more than probable contest which awaits us with *improbis Hadria*, who is even now lurking with his confederate *Ionium Mare* to intercept the seafarers between Italy and Greece. If all go well, we may hope, in the course of some six-and-thirty hours after leaving Messina, to double Cape Matapan. The great ridge of Taygetus (Pentadactylon) we shall long ago have sighted, nor will it be lost to our view until we shall have passed under the lee of Cerigo, the home of Cytherean Aphrodite. Mark, too, the depth of water and agreeable absence of sunken rocks, by virtue of which we are enabled to shave the corner of Cape Malea so closely that the hermit, who has emerged from his

cell and is in waiting at the extremity of the rocky point, catches dexterously the biscuit which we throw to him *en passant*. Pray Heaven he does not depend entirely upon this precarious commissariat, for in that event, during heavy weather, his provisions must often, and in a double sense, fall short.

It is everything to approach Athens for the first time by the Saronic Gulf, and to have fine weather and all one's eyes under command from Sunium (Colonna) onwards. Even the most inveterate hater of all that is classical must feel somewhat less rancorously disposed towards his natural enemies when he catches his first glimpse of the glistening temple-ruin which ushers him into Hellas. Even he to whom the whole range of Greek literature, from Homer to Polybius, is grievously abhorrent, must for the nonce sink his resentment when he comes within eyeshot of the sun-lit Acropolis and the city of Pallas Athene. The consciousness, as of another sense, of the power to conjure up the heroes and the history of the past may, nay does, all too soon fade away, but while it lasts it is strangely vivid and irresistible. So is it when we look upon the Parthenon. Though we have never read a line of Greek history in our lives we must yet feel that we are standing face to face with a wonderful people, the cunning of whose right hand died with the death of Attica, and has never descended.

The curriculum of the newly arrived stranger in Athens is in these days much the same as in all other Continental cities which offer sights to be seen. There is no difficulty in securing a guide of many tongues, and all equally voluble, who for an adequate consideration will personally conduct him in the approved fashion from one wonder to the next until the whole list is exhausted. Those who neither possess nor are capable of simulating a special taste for the delights of archaeology, even as set forth in the few remaining columns of the Temple of the Olympian Zeus, or the graceful Caryatides, will very soon be ready for pastures new. The day is fast approaching when no tourist will be admitted within the sacred precincts who cannot produce a *testamur* to the effect that he has "passed" in architraves and friezes. Meanwhile, the Temple of the Winds, the singularly perfect Theseion so-called, the *Pyx*, the apocryphal Prison of Socrates, even the Areopagus itself with its Pauline associations, will not detain him very long. We cannot all be Newtons and Harrisons. The vulgar herd

will possibly be more interested in the strings of pretty shells, found, or said to be found, on the Plain of Marathon, and sold in the shape of little necklaces, or, perhaps, in the specimens of the various Greek marbles, which are offered as souvenirs to the credulous traveller. At least they will beware of investing in any of the spurious pottery which is forced upon their notice at every turn, no doubt with the connivance of their commissionaire. But, when they have come to an end of the recognized objects of interest in and around the city, they must, if they are not to be bored to death — for modern Athens is no Paris or Vienna — make up their minds to a more ambitious flight. An evening must certainly be devoted to the Acropolis, if the full moon be within hail, for this of all such effects is the most perfect, especially when heightened, as it usually is, by the appearance of some of the lineal descendants of the fowl sacred to Athene. The nightingale concert in the Palace Gardens must also be duly attended if the season be not too early or too late, for even under the divine sky of Hellas Philomel cannot stay, and sing, all the year round. And however cordially we may hate Sophocles, and all his works, it would surely be ungracious to omit to visit Colonus, or the spot which does duty for the burial-ground of Œdipus. One of the best views of Athens, backed by purple Hymettus, will reward the pilgrimage. But, these manifest duties fulfilled, it will become necessary to go somewhat further afield. The favorite excursions are those to the ancient quarries of Mount Pentelicus, from whose summit we look over Marathon and the silver streak of Euripus, to Eleusis, and to Phyle, the details of each of which, are they not written in the books of Baedeker and Murray? Geologically and anatomically inclined persons will derive peculiar pleasure from a visit to Pikermi, a village on the confines of Marathon, abounding in fossilized bones. Now that the country is tolerably free from the curse of brigandage, such outings may be compassed without much apprehension of leaving an ear in the hands of the enemy. But it is as well not to be over-confident; a few prophylactic measures will do no harm, and may save a world of annoyance hereafter.

Where time, however, and another consideration — far too vulgar to be specifically mentioned — are of no serious importance, there are many more distant *Ausflüge* to be made which will enable us to lay up a store of pleasant reminiscences

hardly to be matched from any other treasury. With the exception of those sites which are chiefly dear to archaeologists, it may be said that the most seductive charm of Greece lies in its islands and highlands. It is here, if anywhere, that we find some poor approximation to the personal characteristics of the versatile race whose home once occupied these same latitudes. With all their advantages of position and tradition it must be admitted that hitherto the Greeks of modern times have made but a sorry show. The fault, indeed, has not been theirs. A thousand obstacles have conspired to neutralize the inheritance which should of right be that of the descendants of such forefathers. It is amusing, but pathetic withal, to observe how jealously the great names, if not the deeds, of antiquity are repeated in the modern family. The traveller is perpetually coming into collision with Pericles, Themistocles, Aristides, "and such great names as these." If he care to listen he may overhear the washerwomen on the banks of the Ilissus addressing each other familiarly as Euphrosyne, Theano, or Arethusa. But should he seek to elicit any enthusiasm on the score of the brave days of old, his sense of the fitness of things will probably be subjected to a rude shock when he discovers that, save in the most highly educated circles, nothing whatever is known of ancient Greek history. The language as now written is so near akin to what it was two thousand years ago that an average scholar can grasp its meaning with very little difficulty; but it does not appear that the professorial staff of the University of Athens has as yet contributed what might reasonably have been expected of it to the elucidation of crabbed passages in its own ancient classics. There have been, it is true, one or two modern poets; but no Euripides or Aristophanes, no Pindar or Theocritus. No famous sculptor has hailed from the city of Pheidias in our time. What prosperity the land now enjoys is due to the undoubted talent which the Hellenes possess in matters financial and commercial. It is in this entirely new department that the name of Greece now stands highest. But commercial prosperity is not necessarily unfavorable to the existence, side by side with it, of a brilliant literature or eminent artistic faculty — nay, has ere now called into being and stimulated such phenomena. We may yet see worthy representatives of that genius which said and sung, and carved and built, so much and so effectively when all the world was

young. The sun shines nowhere so brightly as in Hellas; nowhere are the moonbeams so silvery, nowhere is the sky so blue, or the *Abendgluth* so gorgeous. Who can tell but that one day the land, which is so richly provided with the beauties of nature, will again assert itself as the home of all that is intellectually and artistically greatest and most subtle?

At the expense of certain drachmas and a little hardship—if simple fare and an occasional bivouac *sub dio* can be dignified with such a title—a charming excursion may be made from Athens to some of the *Ægean* Islands, notably to the Cyclades, and even by those who have not a floating palace at command. A Greek steamer takes us across from the Peiræus to Syra, a spot in itself singularly free from all attractions, but excellent as a base of operations for the surrounding Archipelago. It is necessary, of course, to bring from Athens a guide, who will on occasion prove himself not only “philosopher and friend” also, but will market with admirable forethought, and smooth with infinite volubility what little rough places may occur in the course of the expedition. In the first place, he will engage for us on equitable terms one of the fleet and picturesque *caïques*, without which we could do nothing, and whose skippers are the hardest and most skilful of seafarers. After leaving Syra our first point of call is naturally the “long and lofty Tenos,” where we duly inspect the monastery with its far-famed Virgin image. Hither resort each year some thousands of pious pilgrims, many of them seeking some proof in their own persons of the miraculous healing powers with which the shrine is credited. It is here that we make our earliest acquaintance with the peculiar diet affected by the Cyclades islanders. On the main land the staple dishes appear to be olives and garlic, but in the Archipelago there is an almost universal prejudice in favor of dried strips of starfish. *De gustibus non est disputandum*. Strangers, however, are happily not limited to this dainty *menu*. What hospitality in the shape of fish, flesh, fowl, or green meat the islands afford is freely, nay clamorously, proffered; and a very moderate *quid pro quo* is in the end—for chaffering is their delight—accepted for the accommodation. It may be taken as an axiom that, save perhaps in the topmost crust of society, nothing in Greece is given for nothing—which, after all, is doubtless a sound economical maxim, excellent for trade purposes.

The birthplace of Apollo and Artemis—now, save for its undying memories, a mere wilderness of broken marbles, picked out in springtide with exquisite profusion of anemones—may well be the scene of our next picnic. It is possible that we do not care to determine with architectural preciseness the site of the once famous treasury-temple. We may even have forgotten for the moment the legend that this Delos was once a roving island till Zeus fastened it to the sea-bed with chains of adamant, to the end that Leto might enjoy a quiet rest-house. But if we be capable of appreciating a lovely prospect, let us at least climb to the summit of Mount Cynthus, and our reward will be ample. We look down thence upon the entire cluster of Cyclades, set like pearls and emeralds in a sapphire sea. The little Anti-Delos, where were buried the dead of the sacred island, lies at our feet; and we stand as a high-priest of Apollo may have stood in the days of Athenian supremacy. Here, at any rate, there is no chance of being mobbed by shrill-voiced natives. Even in this busy epoch it may still be said that when the axes and hammers of noisy excavators are silent our Delian reflections are not likely to be interrupted by anything more incongruous than the shriek of the seamew or the echo of “the wild water lapping on the crag.”

Naxos, as it is the largest, is also perhaps the most beautiful and fertile of the group. A ramble inland reveals all manner of natural beauties of the mountain and valley order; and at a little village called Melanis will be found some poor remnant of the ancient type of feature, which has elsewhere almost wholly died out. Now and again, in a secluded dale of Peloponnesus, a face that might have been worn by Phryne or Aspasia greets us; but, as a general rule, the comeliness of the Greek Audrey and Phœbes is not precisely what one could wish it to be. The hard labor of many generations in the fields has told its tale, and he who goes to Greece expecting to meet an Aphrodite at every turn must needs endure a grievous awakening. At Melanis, however, and especially among the children, he will not fail to observe examples of the *beaux yeux*, *beaux cheveux*, which are commonly associated with our idea of Hellenic personal beauty. An agreeable disappointment of the same kind awaits him also in Paros and Anti-Paros, where, besides the glistening fields of marble, and at least one grotto which rivals the importance and extent of Adelsberg itself, he will certainly

look with satisfaction on the faces of the simple folk.

The skipper of the *caïque* is not by any means afraid to take his "fare" all the way back to Peiræus; and, given blue sky and a wind that follows fast, a delightful little voyage it is, but not to be essayed when time is an object. There is a tendency to be becalmed off Sunium, and in that case the progress up the Saronic Gulf is apt to be so tedious that not even the distant view of the Acropolis and Hymettus bathed in a flood of purple light is an adequate antidote to the long hours of compulsory dawdling. It is much to have set foot in the Cyclades; let us not tempt the winds and waves farther, but hasten with thankful heart back to Athens in the dirty Greek Piroscapo, and prepare for another start elsewhere.

To survey the Morea thoroughly, even without any archaeological divagations, is the work of several weeks. The only railway it can yet boast skirts its northern seaboard, and the interior of the peninsula must therefore be explored, if at all, on mule-back. But in the course of a fortnight it is possible to carry out a highly interesting programme. Perhaps the wisest plan for those bent on this minor Peloponnesian campaign is to take the native packet, which at stated intervals makes the tour of the coast, and disembark at Nauplia. By this manœuvre we pass under the lee of Ægina, well within range of the Temple of Athene—a conspicuous object in the sunlight; and have also an opportunity of observing the lovely little island of Poros, the site of the modern Greek arsenal, but no less renowned for its prolific lemon groves. We next touch at Hydra, whose tiny capital is perched, like Anxur, high on the rocks above our heads. The Hydriots won a gallant name in the War of Independence. Half-an-hour's pause at another islet, Spetza, and lo! we are in the fair Gulf of Nauplia. Nauplia itself, thriving little port though it be, need not detain us long. We may climb the steep cliff, and visit the citadel which dominates the town, but we must mount some twelve hundred steps to do it. For our pains we enjoy a wide view over land and sea; and the sight, if it still exist, of a Greek convict establishment. The latter is a gruesome spectacle, and by no means up to the British penitentiary mark. In the town below the Argus-eyed tourist will duly note sundry specimens of the proud Venetian lion, telling the tale of mediæval conquest; and his dragoman will be sadly wanting in discrimination if he do not in-

sist upon his entering the church wherein the brave but too Russophile patriot Capodistrias fell before the assassin. But having exhausted these *Sehenswürdigkeiten*, he must make up his mind whether to strike inland to Tiryns, Argos, and Mycenæ; or, taking ship once more, to land again farther south. The latter is, for many reasons, the preferable course. It enables him to visit, if he care to do so, Monemvasia (Epidaurus Limerà), the etymological parent of Malmsey; to touch at the picturesque island of Cerigo, belonging to, but strangely cut off from, the Ionian group; to exchange a parlous greeting once again with the Malean anchorite; and, finally, to steam up the magnificent Bay of Marathonisi, with Taygetus full in front of him, and Matapan and Malea on either hand. The little fishing village of Gythion, whose position on an inclined plane is curiously suggestive of our own Clovelly, serves as a convenient point of departure for a northward progress.

The great plenty of mulberry-trees in these regions, grown for the benefit of the silkworms, the manipulation of whose cocoons constitutes the main industry, may well suggest the appropriateness of the name Morea. It is through mulberry groves that, Thisbe-like, we enter upon the first stage of our journey, and they bear us company until the ground becomes too broken for even this sparse cultivation. Were not the mules and horses, which alone supply the means of communication, trained to climb like cats or squirrels, they could never hope to surmount the appalling anomalies of the road, by courtesy so called. It takes, too, some few hours of painful experience to adapt oneself to the vicissitudes of the cumbrous howdah, which does duty for a saddle. But trifles such as these are soon forgotten in the constantly shifting scenes of interest through which our route lies. And so, after a ride of some twelve hours, having scaled eminences which seemed perpendicular and insuperable, having threaded a perilous way through forest and undergrowth, having crossed the Cœnus by a bridge which is a very Nestor among bridges, we come, finally, to Sparta—to the Sparta, that is to say, of the moderns, for the precise locality of the old Lacedæmon is pointed out to us on the horizon, distant, perhaps, a Sabbath-day's journey. Neither in one nor the other is there any respectable vestige remaining of ancient days. The tomb of Leonidas is, indeed, indicated to our rev-

erent eyes, but it is well known to be spurious. A Roman mosaic of Europa and the bull, discovered a few years ago, is all that is left with any authentic title to antiquity. The present inhabitants, though proud of their forerunners, exhibit the usual ignorance of ancient history, and certainly are innocent of all characteristics which have commonly been ascribed to the Spartiates of old. In these days there is no Lycurgus. They may still possibly have their black broth, or some modern equivalent, and no one will deny that they practise a stern asceticism, if dirt within doors and open drains without may be held to conduce thereto. But in most other respects we must, to be honest, count them a degenerate posterity. Their garrulity is surely no true Laconian product, and if they are not taught to steal is it, peradventure, because instruction is no longer necessary? The traveller, however, will be well treated by the authorities, who here, as elsewhere in Greece, are all that is polite and helpful. If he design to pass over to Kalamata, they will endeavor to dissuade him from choosing the Taygetus route, on the score of its precipitous character, and they will tell him of a circuitous method by which he may reach his goal more easily. Let him turn a deaf ear to the charmer. The ascent of Taygetus on mule-back is undoubtedly a severe measure, and the *descensus* is anything but *facilis*. It is a thing to do once, and on subsequent occasions leave warily alone. The feat may at least be recommended as being delightfully free from monotony. Not only is the scenery of great variety, but the manœuvres of the beasts of burden, as they vigorously attempt rocky impossibilities, are infinitely diverting, especially to their riders, who, if they would keep their seats, must develop the agility of their parent ape, and the tenacity of the circus professional. The *agoyates* will do their best to keep up a semblance of light-heartedness. They are never out of breath and never footsore. They keep up a running fire of oburgation which their mules do not resent, but also do not heed, unless it be accompanied by a vigorous dig of the remorseless goad. By way of interlude, and chiefly after their midday potatoes of *resinato*, a beverage compounded, one would say, of equal parts of vinegar and turpentine, they are fond of indulging in vocal music. The long-drawn nasal love-songs sound to Western ears suggestive, sometimes of implacable hatred and concentrated fury, sometimes of excruciating internal agony,

but certainly never of the tender passion. Sung in the most doleful of minor keys, they seem calculated to inspire the keenest aversion on the part of the fair Irene or Aglaia. Such as they are, however, they have the charm of novelty, and, when our eyes and minds are not engrossed in the contemplation of the far-reaching prospects from the summit of Pentedactylon, they serve, *faute de mieux*, to beguile the time and speed us on our way.

Kalamata, which we presently enter, is not an end in itself, unless that end be merely a night's rest after our laborious passage of the heights which separate Laconia from Messenia. Our object in coming hither is to compass conveniently in our next day's march the ascent of Ithome. We are now in the most fertile corner of Peloponnesus, and as we jog leisurely through the villages of Nisi and Mavrissi the generosity of the soil becomes more and more apparent. Nowhere else in Europe are we likely to behold such wealth of fruit and flower—a very Covent Garden turned loose—as confronts us in this Messenian plain. Alcinous himself can have boasted no greater abundance or variety. And as our road leads us onward to the spot where once stood the city of Messene, we become aware that not only for the lavish bounty of nature's hand are these fair regions noteworthy. There are many ruins in Greece more graceful, many more interesting alike to antiquary and artist, than those which meet us here, but there are none which reflect more vividly, more impressively, the light of other days, and few, perhaps, which, considering their extent, are so seldom visited by the outside world. Imagine a valley, hemmed in by hills so lofty that in many a less rugged land they would be a mountain range, and encircling this valley a continuous chain of fortifications so prodigious that only the Anakim, it would seem, could ever have built them. Those vast blocks of limestone, so truly cut and bevelled that, innocent of all auxiliary cement, they lie one upon another with mathematical exactness; those sturdy watch-towers at regular intervals,—what a tale they could tell us! Standing in the modern village, and looking upward and around, one seems to see literally *miles* of this gigantic wall, which follows the undulations of the land, and even now in many parts is as firm as heart of man or mason can desire—an eloquent memorial of an era which, whatever its shortcomings, at least could evidently command unlimited manual labor, and tolerated no

such thing as scamped work. The monastery of Vurkano, which hospitably entertains the wayfarer, is a welcome sight after the long day's ride. A stranger is always made welcome on the hill of Ithome, and if he can muster a few words of the language of the country, he will find his hosts full of local information, if not very well posted in the latest manoeuvres of the world at large. They will show him, with great pride, the autographs of one or two distinguished Englishmen who have scaled their fortress, and among them that of John Stuart Mill. A strange bivouac for the "Spirit of the Age," notwithstanding those abnormally early Greek grammar *séances*, as set forth in his autobiography.

From Ithome, unless we would diverge in order to see with our eyes Navarino, and also Sphacteria, the little island which gave us so much trouble in our schoolboy Thucydean days, we cannot do better, whatever monks or Murrays may say, than make for Megalopolis. We are then in the very centre of Morea, and can branch off in any direction that commends itself. And we secure that scene of surpassing loveliness, the first and broadest panorama of Arcadia from the hillside, looking northward. The scout remains at Megalopolis of what, we are told, was the largest theatre in Greece will possibly give us less pleasure than the sight of the many oaks, which are characteristic of this province, and a comparison of modern Arcadian manners with the rustic simplicity current, if tradition is to be believed, in the good old times. The comparatively new and superlatively gimcrack, town of Tripolitza must always be an eyesore in the midst of such associations. Prosperity and a growing trade? Yes, indeed, these it undoubtedly suggests, and excellent features they are from the economist's point of view, though hardly in unison with our stereotyped conception of Arcadia. It is a sorry consolation to reflect that even a pair of trading brothers may, in a sense, be *Arcades ambo*. Let us hasten over the hills into Elis, and there, striking the Alpheus, make the best of our way to Olympia, whose archæological treasures, so lately exhumed, are, it is said, already beginning to suffer from exposure to the elements; or, better still, let us push on across the plain to Mantinea, where the brave Epaminondas "foremost fighting fell;" and thence turn our horses' heads (for the mules we have left behind us in the precipitous south) in the direction of Argos. Anywhither, so we bid a

long farewell to nineteenth-century Tripolitza. Argos actually, as well as by contrast, is a charming little town — bright, pleasantly situated, and, outwardly at least, of decent cleanliness. Well may the poet, describing the discomfiture of Antor by the spear intended for Æneas, conclude the episode with the words *et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos*; it is a home of which any man might be proud to cherish the recollection. For our present purpose we find it an excellent *pied à terre* while we explore the neighborhood. Its own antiquities are neither many nor important, and even such as they are they are held by the initiated to belong to the Roman period. But, *en revanche*, it is within easy reach of Tiryns and Mycenæ, of which, however, so much has been already said or sung, in or out of tune, that we may dismiss them with the single note, "There were giants in those days," referring all who desire more explicit treatment of the subject to Schliemann and Co.

Despite the Horatian *non cuivis homini contingit adire*, the enterprising, and by this time case-hardened, traveller will without difficulty shape a course for Corinth by way of Nemea. Of the ancient city the scantiest traces are in these days forthcoming. Corinthian beauty, Corinthian wealth, temples, statues, palaces, have long since been swept off the face of the earth by Mummius and his successors. Of what the Roman orator once called *lumen totius Græciæ* the only vestige now remaining consists of seven sturdy Doric columns, which, with obstinate patriotism, still keep watch and ward over the desolation around. But there is one possession which the ruthless hands of Roman, Venetian, and Turk have not availed to destroy, or even to impair. If a man's experience of Hellas were forced to be limited to a single spot, one would almost be inclined to say let that spot be Acro-Corinth. From no other standpoint can he survey so wide an area, or one in which natural loveliness and historical interest are so liberally blended. Having once beheld this marvellous prospect he can never become old or hebeted enough wholly to forget it. Athens, Pentelicus, Hymettus, even Sunium, in the blue distance, on a propitious morning, Parnassus, Helicon, the entire Isthmus, Salamis, Ægina, and the mountains of Argolis; such are the salient points of the panorama which discloses itself to our wondering eyes. An hour on Acro-Corinth is worth many volumes of Thirlwall-cum-Curtius-cum-Grote.

The newly opened line of railway which connects the capital with Patras, and will soon be extended to Pyrgos, cannot be said either to make or to mar appreciably the pleasure of the tourist world, save in one respect. It does render more accessible the little town of Vostitza, hitherto feasible only by water, and with an easterly breeze and no steam anything but an agreeable port of call. But what of Vostitza? We surely do not disembark merely to be told that it exports the finest currants of all Morea. If we chance, indeed, to be dendrologists, there is a curiosity in store for us in the shape of a colossal plane-tree, some eleven mètrè in girth, long since reduced to hollowness, and convenient, therefore, as a *prison* during what is still called *par excellence* the War. But if we care for neither currants nor colossus, what in fortune's name can induce us to land at this melancholy spot? Simply the hope of visiting two of the most remarkable religious settlements on the face of the earth, to wit, ancient Delphi, and modern Megaspelæon. The former, it is true, lies on the other side of the Gulf, and by those who have no yacht at command the excursion may best be made by hiring some species of craft at Vostitza, and scudding across with all the speed they may to Scala di Salona. Here, unless they happen to belong to the *nil admirari* family, they will probably be somewhat taken aback on encountering sundry camels peacefully browsing by the wayside, the ship of the desert being in most European countries only a menagerie specimen, and, in truth, not elsewhere visible even in Greece. They will then cross the Cirrhæan Plain, once salt-sown and dedicated to his Delphic Majesty by reason of the insolence of its inhabitants, who had a pestilent way of levying blackmail on the pilgrims. The modern Castri, which includes all the poor remnant of the classical holy of holies, for barrenness and gloom stands without a rival, the one little gleam of cheerfulness being furnished by the chattering washerwomen, who, reckless of profanation, pursue their calling in the sacred fount of Castalia. But for the seat of an oracle the place was admirably chosen. The gradual ascent by a toilsome, rockhewn path, still easy to trace, and flanked on either hand by the wrecks of monumental inscriptions, the awe-inspiring blackness of the sheer and lofty cliffs, the prevalence, which still survives, of the terrifying earthquake-shock, here, at any rate, are three attributes out of which the nimble, yet superstitious

Greek mind could hardly fail to create a fitting shrine for all that it most revered. And the Greek mind, ancient or modern, is eminently reverential, at least in the outward respect which it pays to the ministers of its religion. The Pythia herself probably inspired no profounder reverence than the abbot of the little monastery of the Panagia yonder, the modern representative of the Delphic Temple. The gay brigand may facetiously send one of your ears, by way of reminder, to your friends, the mendacious dragoman may unblushingly deceive you as to routes and prices, the very nomarch will now and again outrageously overcharge you for the hire of his wretched cattle, but all three will kneel down to kiss the hand of the poorest priest with every appearance of humility and veneration. If we would study the domestic economy of Hellenic monkdom we cannot do better than return to Vostitza and brave the eight hours' laborious ride over rocks and watercourse to Megaspelæon. The architecture of this great convent is unique. It occupies a vast cavern, and above it rises a precipice of some three hundred feet, which was turned to good account when the place was besieged by Ibrahim Pasha. The monks then rolled down rocks on the heads of the besiegers, and finally caused them to retire in disorder. Not many years ago there were still surviving a few of these fighting brothers, who would recount with honest pride the details of that memorable siege. Internally, the arrangements of Megaspelæon are extremely interesting. Its wealth, chiefly represented by vast currant vineyards in Elis, is so considerable, that to belong to its brotherhood is tantamount to holding an excellent fellowship. In some other respects, too, it reminds us of our own academical foundations. The daily serving-out of "commons," the morning and evening "chapel," the "common-room," the deserted library, the well-stocked cellar (whose casks emulate the famed Heidelberg Fass), all are parallel to similar features of a well-to-do Oxford or Cambridge college. The *personnel* of the establishment, however, has no British counterpart. We cannot match the splendid physiognomy and patriarchal hirsuteness of the elder monks, or (happily) the flowing locks and gentle girlishness of the novices — a curious mixture of apostolic gravity and effeminate youth. But nothing can be more genial than our reception, nothing prettier than the childlike pride with which all the treasures of the house

are displayed to us, from the crosses of gold and brilliants to the bas-relief of Madonna and Child, "the work of St. Luke," which in the darkest days of the struggle for independence is said to have shed pitying tears. It is with real regret that we bid the worthy Hegoumenos and his staff farewell, and take our perilous way back to Vostitza, turning ever and anon to catch a last, and yet another, glimpse of the tall white convent with its limestone beetle-brow, and the quaint excrescences which, like gigantic martin-nests, cling to and pleasingly diversify its listening, but not ornamental, *façade*.

If the traveller be bound further east he will no doubt take occasion to visit the cool Vale of Tempe and ever-glorious Thermopylæ, but if he propose to return by way of the Adriatic he may profitably employ what few days remain to him in a rapid survey of the Ionian Islands, which last year celebrated their silver wedding of union with Greece proper. He will estimate for himself the justice of the refrain:—

Zante! Zante!
Fior di Levante!
Le donne son belle,
Gli uomini birbanti.

If he be lucky enough to pass a day in the land-locked harbor of Vathy he will surely not rest until he have climbed the rocky heights of Ithaca, on which the hardy islanders raise handfuls of barley and precarious dribblets of flax. Whatever he may think of the mythical "Homer's School" and "Ulysses' Castle," he cannot well refuse to admit that the modern Thiaki is quite in keeping with ancient tradition. Ulysses loved his country, not because it was broad, but because it was his own; Ithakiots to-day have the same reason, and no other, on which to base their patriotism. A brief glance at Argostoli, the harbor and capital of Cephalonia, whose other attractions are Monte Nero, the bleakest of bleak mountains, and the sight of currant-vines cultivated to the very tops of the hills, an hour or two at Paxo, the least of the islands but famous for the production of the richest olive oil, a distant view of Sappho's Leap, so-called, for Santa Maura, if we except the palm (the tallest out of Egypt) in the garden of the old British residency, has little else save olives and furious Molossian sheep-dogs to show—and then we pass the One Gun Battery, and find ourselves once more in the thoroughfare of civilization, among the fertile groves and

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gardens of Corfu. And here, too, *finis chartæque viæque est*.

The present rage for the study of Greek archæology is commendable and interesting. To be able to deduce the exact measurements and elevation of a temple from the score of marble blocks which may still remain *in situ*, or to assign the precise year and "school" to one of those graceful vases in the British Museum, is a power which we may well envy. But Greece has more to offer than this. She liberally repays the attentions of the botanist, the student of ornithology, and the mere butterfly-collector. The politician, who cares to watch the gradual, some say rapid, development of a clever people, long held in thrall by oppressions and disabilities of infinite variety, discovers in her a most remunerative example of national growth. And, lastly, the man who cherishes an intelligent, but not all-absorbing, regard for her antiquity, and who at the same time can appreciate exquisite scenery, apart from its historical associations, who can wander happily from village to village without any expectation of comfortable hotels or high feeding, for him, indeed, this little kingdom, still unspoiled by excessive contact with the race of tourists, is a veritable *Cuccagna*, or Land of Delights. Only, under the deep azure of a Greek sky, let him not forget the injunction,—

Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem.

The casual ways of the light-hearted *agoyate*, for instance, are apt to try severely the practical Western temperament. But impatience of delay and a rigorous audit of expenditure to the uttermost *lepton* are things as yet "not understood of the people," in the fair land of Hellas. Finally, let him forbear to read, or at least to believe, the misleading criticisms of M. About—and, if he mislay all other *articles de voyage*, let him under no provocation whatever lose touch of his supply of "Keating," or assuredly his sleep will seldom be that of the just.

ARTHUR GAYE.

From Temple Bar.

MACAULAY AT HOME.

SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN has made the public understand how estimable a man in private life, how good and devoted a son, how tender and self-denying a

brother, and how affectionate an uncle, was the Lord Macaulay who may have been regarded as wanting in geniality and heart by those who were not intimately acquainted with him. The service rendered to literature by Sir George is comparable with that rendered by Boswell when he set forth the actual Dr. Johnson, and made him one of the most familiar and admirable figures in our literary history. It is a common and pardonable weakness on the part of readers to wish that the writers who charm them were equally charming in domestic life. An eccentric man may be an excellent writer; a master of style may be a villain, and works which the world cherishes may have proceeded from an author whose family and intimate friends would have been happier if he had never been born. But when the writer of a great work merits admiration as a good man or woman, there is a natural tendency to feel doubly pleased and grateful.

In the "Correspondence of John Lorthrop Motley," which recently appeared, the references to Macaulay have attracted special notice, the public being curious to learn what impression the historian of England made upon the historian of the Netherlands. Writing to his wife on the 30th of May, 1858, Motley gives her "as faithful a photograph of Macaulay" as he can produce:—

His general appearance is singularly commonplace. I cannot describe him better than by saying he has exactly that kind of face and figure which by no possibility would be selected, out of even a very small number of persons, as those of a remarkable personage. He is of the middle height, neither above nor below it. The outline of his face is rather good. The nose, very slightly aquiline, is well-cut, and the expression of the mouth and chin agreeable. His hair is thin and silvery, and he looks a good deal older than many men of his years. . . . The face seen in front is blank, and as it were badly lighted. There is nothing luminous in the eye, nothing impressive in the brow. The forehead is spacious, but it is entirely scooped away in the region where benevolence ought to be, while beyond rise reverence, firmness, and self-esteem, like Alps on Alps. The under-eyelids are so swollen as almost to close the eyes, and it would be quite impossible to tell the color of these orbs, and equally so, from the neutral tint of his hair and face, to say of what complexion he had originally been. His voice is agreeable, and its intonations delightful, although that is so common a gift with Englishmen as to be almost a national characteristic. . . . As usual, he took up the ribands of the conversation, and kept them in his own

hand, driving wherever it suited him. . . . His whole manner has the smoothness and polished surface of the man of the world, the politician, and the new peer, spread over the man of letters within. His conversation is the perfection of the commonplace, without sparkle or flash, but at the same time always interesting and agreeable. I could listen to him with pleasure for an hour or two every day, and I have no doubt I should thence grow wiser every day, for his brain is full, as hardly any man's ever was, and his way of delivering himself is easy and fluent.

In another letter to his wife, written about six weeks later, Motley recurs to the subject, and says:—

It is always delightful to meet Macaulay, and to see the reverence with which he is regarded by everybody; painful to observe the friendly anxiety which every one feels about his health. Sir H. Holland told me his complaints were bronchial and asthmatic, but I should have thought them more like dropsy. He was obliged to leave the table for a few minutes on account of a spasm of coughing, which has been the case ever since I have met him. I think, unless he is much changed, that Sydney Smith's descriptions, or rather flings at him, are somewhat unjust. He is not in the least the "colloquial oppressor" he has been represented. On the contrary, every one wishes to hear him talk, and very often people are disappointed because he does not talk enough. To be sure, a mind so brimful as his must spout forth uncontrollably, if you once pull out the plug; nevertheless, he is always willing to shut himself up again, if anybody else wishes to pour himself out. Usually nobody does where he is present. His conversation is, however, rather learned and didactic than *spirituelle*. His "brilliant flashes" are only those of silence, according to Sydney's memorable sarcasm. This is strange, for in his writings he is brilliant and flashing almost to painfulness, but I observe nothing pointed or epigrammatic or humorous in his talk. It is very wise and very instructive, but not the kind to set the table in a roar.

The foregoing description enables the reader to form a vivid picture of Macaulay in his later years when ill-health caused him great physical discomfort. He died suddenly, eighteen months after Motley wrote it. Then, as Macaulay wrote ten days before the end, he felt as if he were "dying of old age," yet was not sensible of any "intellectual decay, not the smallest." His years when he died were only fifty-nine in number.

Charles Sumner, an illustrious countryman of Motley, saw Macaulay when he was in the prime of his buoyant manhood, and his impressions derive an interest from the contrast which they present to

those which have been just reproduced. Sumner made Macaulay's acquaintance when he first visited England, and gave the following account of him in a letter to George S. Hillard on the 16th of February, 1839:—

Macaulay was truly oppressive. I now understand Sydney Smith, who called Macaulay a tremendous machine for colloquial oppression. His memory is prodigious, surpassing anything I have ever known, and he pours out his stores with an instructive but dinning prodigality. He passes from the minutest dates of English history or biography to a discussion of the comparative merits of different ancient orators, and gives you whole strophes from the dramatists at will. He can repeat every word of every article he has written, without prompting; but he has neither grace of body, face, nor voice; he is without intonation or variety; and he pours on like Horace's river, while we, poor rustics, foolishly think he will cease; and if you speak, he does not respond to what you say, but, while your last words are yet on your lips, takes up again his wondrous tale. He will not confess ignorance of anything, though I verily believe no one would ever have less occasion to make the confession. I have heard him called the most remarkable person of his age; and, again, the most over-rated one. You will see that he has not left upon me an entirely agreeable impression; still, I confess his great and magnificent attainments and powers.

While Motley records the impression made upon him by Macaulay late in his life, and Sumner does the same when Macaulay was nearly twenty years younger, another distinguished American, W. H. Prescott, the historian, wrote to Mrs. Ticknor in 1850, as follows:—

I have found the notabilities here pretty much as I had supposed. Macaulay is most of a miracle. His *jours* in the way of memory stagger belief. . . . His talk is like the labored but still unintermitting jerks of a pump. But it is anything but wishy-washy. It keeps the mind, however, on too great a tension for table-talk.

Though these accounts and others in the same vein are instructive as regards the way in which Macaulay was viewed by the contemporaries who met and listened to him at a breakfast or dinner table, they very imperfectly set forth the man as he really was and as he appeared in the family circle. Few men are perfectly natural in society. There, a man may affect a good humor which is foreign to his nature, or he may appear stiff and reserved when he is merely shy; he may seem either much better or much worse than he is in

reality. It is at home, when in the company of his parents, his brothers and sisters, or his wife and children, and when no strangers are present to compel the assumption of company manners, that a man displays himself in his true colors, and is either an agreeable or unpleasant human being. If great historians and poets, artists and statesmen, could be depicted as they are at home, not only would the view given of them be truer, but, in some cases, it might be the reverse of flattering. Though Sir George Trevelyan has truthfully depicted Macaulay as he was in private life and his personal traits, yet the revelation which he gave of Macaulay's inner life is not quite complete, and I purpose contributing some additions to what is publicly known.

Many of the most interesting details of Macaulay's life were extracted by Sir George Trevelyan from a journal kept at intervals by Margaret, who was Macaulay's youngest and fondly loved sister. Sir George writes that some extracts from this journal, which he prints, "have been arranged in the form of a continuous narrative." I have a copy of the journal before me, and I think that several things which have been omitted by Sir George well deserve to be reproduced, and also that the continuous narrative into which he has cast his extracts rather mars their artlessness and effect, though entirely concurring in his statement that the journal itself "affords a pleasant and a faithful picture of her brother's home life during the years 1831 and 1832."

Margaret Macaulay, who was twelve years younger than her famous brother, married Mr. Edward Cropper in 1832, and died in 1834, leaving a son who died in 1847. When Macaulay heard of his engagement to be married, he was nearly as greatly affected as when he heard of her premature death. He had formed a scheme of domestic happiness which required the companionship of his favorite sisters Hannah and Margaret; on hearing that this could not be realized he wrote that he must confine himself to living and working for the gratification of his ambition. Writing on the 14th of November, 1831, his sister Margaret says of him, after discussing the chances of his getting an office in the government or under it:—

If he gets a salary above £2,000 a year, we shall (Hannah and I) most likely live with him. Can I look forward to anything happier than living in such a manner as to draw us even closer than at present to one another? This would no doubt be the effect of that one-

ness of interest that would then exist between us. I cannot imagine a course of life that would suit him better than thus to enjoy the pleasures of domestic life without its restraint, and sufficient business and excitement, but not, I hope, too much.

The warmth and intensity of her feelings can best be understood from the following remark in the introductory paragraphs to her journal:—

How sadly shall I, perhaps, in future days, look on these records of the past gay years! But if my dearest, dearest, dearest Tom still loves me, and I am not separated from him, I feel now as if I could bear anything.

In *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* there are a few references which may be interpreted as meaning that a Rosamond or some other charmer had touched Macaulay's heart. The suspicion of this caused the austere Zachary Macaulay to forbid his brilliant son from continuing to contribute to the magazine. To vary, while applying, the phrase which Gibbon used as a lover, Macaulay sighed as a writer conscious of his innocence and his powers, and obeyed as a son. The only story which has been transmitted to this generation of Macaulay's suspected attachment and anticipated marriage to a lady is put on record by his sister Margaret:—

A report is very much about now that Tom is going to be married to Conversation Sharpe's niece (Maria Drummond), who has seventy thousand pounds. Tom is much annoyed at it, which I do not wonder, as it will make visiting at the house, which is really very pleasant, rather awkward. He says that he should not know the lady if he met her in the streets, and that he has not spoken to her ten times. He says she is rather pretty, but wears spectacles.

Again she writes:—

I do not remember him at all till he was about eighteen and I seven, when I was rather afraid of him. I think I was about twelve when I first became very fond of him, and from that time my affection for him has gone on increasing during a period of seven years. I never shall forget my delight and enchantment when I first found that I could talk to him, and that he seemed to like talking to me. His manner was indeed most flattering to such a child as I was, for he always seemed to take such pains, and exert himself as much to amuse and please me, to explain everything I wished to know, or inform me on any subject, as he could have done to the greatest person in the land. Indeed, this has always been the case with him, and I have heard him express great disgust towards those people who, lively and agreeable abroad, are a dead weight in the family circle.

Writing on the 29th of November, 1831, she says that she was greatly interested in arranging her brother's correspondence with his parents from 1812 to 1815, and she adds that "he must certainly have been a most extraordinary boy." He was even more extraordinary a child than a youth, for no other child of five, when sent to school for the first time and told that he could not stuff himself with bread and butter at school as he had done at home, ever replied to his mother, since the world began to be a habitable place of abode, "No, mamma, industry shall be my bread, and application my butter."

Margaret writes that she asked Mary Parker, who knew her brother in his boyhood, as to the impression which he then made upon her, the reply being that he was considered "something quite extraordinary," that he was the subject of general talk, and that "she now thought him even more remarkable as a boy than as a man." Mary Parker added that "she was not fond of him, and used to think him conceited." With equal candor Margaret makes the comment, "which I do not much wonder at." At another part of her journal she gives expression to her opinion on this head:—

I think, when he was a boy, he must have been very much like Miss Edgeworth's "Frank," clever and conceited. In person, he seems to have been very pleasing. People say he was a remarkably genteel boy—slim, fair, light-haired, and blue-eyed. Dean Milner seeing him when he was about eleven—when, I am told, he was very pretty and engaging—said, "He is a boy to stand before princes." His dear father was the person from whom I heard it, and he repeated it with tears in his eyes. About sixteen he grew fat, after a fever, and his figure was always bad since, which was made worse by his inattention to dress.

Though Macaulay's figure and face did not seem attractive even to the partial eyes of his admiring sister, his face had a trait which she thus describes:—

I think the most marked expression in his face is power, great grasp of mind, from his noble expanse of forehead, which I think is one of the finest I ever saw, and his face being cast in a large and rugged mould. When silent and occupied in thought, walking up and down the room as he always does, his hands clenched and muscles working with the intense exertion of his mind, strangers would think his countenance stern, almost awfully stern; but I remember a writing-master of ours, when Tom came into the room and left it, saying, "Ladies, your brother looks like a lump of good humor." I never saw so great

a triumph of countenance as sometimes in his face; his eyes sparkling with animation, and with such an expression of buoyant happiness; benevolence, kindness, and affection in his countenance, and his forehead giving to the whole picture such a high and noble appearance; I have often felt the tears in my eyes as I looked at him.

Having read what Margaret Macaulay thought of her brother's looks it may be instructive to learn what, according to her, was his opinion of beauty in women. She writes that he did not admire any of the fashionable women, famous for their beauty, whom he had met at Lord Lansdowne's, adding that —

His taste in beauty is quite simple, he sees nothing interesting in being sickly, and thinks that if people have good eyes they spoil them by squeezing them up and looking through glasses. He says they all look parboiled, languid creatures, "not one of them could take such a walk as you are taking now." He likes something more healthy in mind and body.

A curious parallel which she draws between Dr. Johnson and her brother enables the reader to understand clearly some of her brother's marked peculiarities: —

Some specimens of Dr. Johnson's conversation as told by Boswell would give a most excellent idea of Tom's sometimes. In Tom's there is more sprightliness, more quickness and vivacity; in Dr. Johnson's more knowledge of the world, of mankind, and greater force. There is also some likeness in character, hatred of all *humbug* and *cant* is quite mutual — a constitutional indolence, though sometimes capable of very great exertions; too great a habit of *tossing* people in conversation, and the habit of putting off what is to be done till the last moment, and then, in a great hurry, doing it better than any one else could have done it. . . . Tom is a more amiable man than Dr. Johnson, and a much pleasanter friend. If Tom had been in the Doctor's situation, I think his manners would have been quite as bad. He is not so generous a man as the doctor. No consideration in earth would make him take disagreeable people into his house for charity, neither would he give away as Johnson did when he was poor. He is, however, extremely pitiful. The sight of pain puts him into an agony, but he is, I think, a little too fond of reasoning himself out of feeling, and tries too much to forget unpleasant things, I believe, however, he feels as much as other people do in half the time.

Much of Macaulay's talk when at home with his sister related to literary topics. His likes and dislikes were extreme; his sister records that she sometimes quarrelled with him for not being disposed to

admire what others had done, admitting that when he does admire "it is with his whole heart and soul." The notion prevails that Macaulay was too fond of his own way and of his own phrases to change either on any terms. His sister, by stating her experience, renders it doubtful whether this view can be correct. It may be that he was more amenable to a sister than to a male critic, and that he was ready to do out of good nature what he would not have done, save under compulsion, at the bidding of a literary censor. Hence, the following passage is as curious as it is instructive: —

When Tom reads his works to us in the manuscript and we find fault with anything, and as I very often do with his being too severe upon people, he takes it with the greatest kindness, and often alters what we do not like. I hardly ever, indeed, met with a sweeter temper than his. I have seen him bear, really beautifully, provocations and annoyances which would put most men into a passion. His temper is rather hasty, and when he has not time for an instant's thought, he will sometimes return a quick answer, for which he will be sorry the moment he has said it. But in a conversation of any length, though it may be on subjects that touch him very nearly, and though the person with whom he converses may be very provoking and extremely out of temper, I never saw him lose his. He never either uses this superiority in temper, as some do, for the purpose of irritating another still more by coolness, but speaks in a kind, good-natured manner, as if he wished to bring the other back to temper without appearing to notice that he had lost it.

It was the uniform aim of Macaulay to make his meaning clear to the humblest capacity. Many writers as able as he have not had his success in this particular. Some hardly seem to care whether they may be understood or not. The quaint and striking thoughts of Sir Thomas Browne are expressed in chapters which, though full of sonorous and well-chosen words, frequently contain passages almost incomprehensible to the majority of readers. Dr. Johnson labored even more earnestly to produce a rolling, ornate, and antithetical sentence than to make his meaning clear to those who run and who are supposed to read. Nor did such a consummate rhetorician as Burke always produce limpid and unambiguous sentences. But no one has ever accused Macaulay of obscurity, though many critics have styled his diction as artificial and ornate as that of Johnson or Burke. Ornament in writing is no drawback so long as it is not over-done, but when similes

and metaphors are substituted for sense, then the writing becomes a series of conundrums or an interminable maze. Now Macaulay's sister Margaret supplies a very good explanation of the exceptional lucidity of his writings, taking credit, as she was entitled to do, for a part of the result being due to the influence of her elder sister and herself, and holding with perfect truth that his intimate intercourse with his two sisters had been of great use to him. She says:—

I think the remarkable degree of clearness with which he expresses himself and explains his views, which I never found equalled in any person, proceeds in some measure from the habit of talking a great deal with very young people, and with people to whom he has a great deal to explain and impart. When he was writing his articles about the Benthamites, he used to talk them over and read them with us till we thoroughly understood them, and to this perhaps they partly owe the beautiful clearness with which they are reasoned out.

Margaret Macaulay depicts a somewhat stormy scene between her brother and his father with regard to Lord Brougham, the latter having made a promise which Macaulay believed he did not mean to keep, while his father tried to make allowances for him. In the "Correspondence" of Macvey Napier, when editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, there are many letters showing the almost insane jealousy with which Brougham regarded Macaulay. In the conversation with his father, Macaulay called Brougham "a profligate, unprincipled scoundrel." The sister acted as peacemaker on this occasion between father and son. She writes: "I followed Tom down-stairs, and blamed him for not having endeavored to soothe papa." She adds that, "after talking over the business, I proposed to him to go up-stairs and say that he was sorry he had been so warm, but really he was so hurt and vexed about it that he could not help it. He went accordingly; and coming down in a few minutes, said he had done as I had advised."

The incident deserves note chiefly because, though it has the appearance of a bitter quarrel, it was in reality an explosion on Macaulay's part against Brougham, which subsequent events proved to have been justified. His father could not think ill of Brougham, because he was his friend. All the evidence proves that Macaulay was a model son as well as a most affectionate brother. His parents appreciated his surpassing merits. After going through

letters which had passed between them, Margaret writes:—

He owes a great deal to his parents, who, however highly they might themselves have thought of him, certainly used their utmost endeavors to moderate his opinion of himself. I cannot enough admire the tone of deep attachment to him, of high principle, piety, honor, contempt of all mean, petty ways, which pervades these letters. Rarely if ever, I should think, has a correspondence on such subjects, and in such a style, been carried on with any boy of twelve, thirteen, and fourteen years of age.

The justness of his sister's remarks can be verified by any reader of the selection from those letters which Sir George Trevelyan has printed.

His mother died in 1830. Writing on the 21st of May in that year, Margaret says that she will try to place on record something concerning the family bereavement. Macaulay was absent from London at the time, and he first learned from the newspapers that his mother was dead. His sister writes:—

He came directly; in an agony of distress he was, and gave way at first to violent bursts of feeling. After some time I went into another room alone with him. We talked of her and of death in general. He spoke much of what he should have felt if it had been Hannah or myself, his two dearest on earth, who had been taken. During this whole week Tom was with us all day, and the greatest comfort to us imaginable. He talked a good deal of our recent affliction, and led the conversation, by degrees, to other interesting subjects, bearing the whole burden of it himself, and amusing without painfully exciting the mind, or jarring with the predominant feeling of the time. I never saw him appear to greater advantage, never loved him more dearly.

An entry in Margaret's journal on the 12th of February, 1832, describes a visit which she made in the company of her sister Hannah and her brother Tom to St. Paul's to hear the Rev. Sydney Smith preach. It is one of the few accounts with which I am acquainted, of the impression made upon a critical hearer such as Macaulay by the wise and witty canon of St. Paul's when in the pulpit:—

The church was dreadfully cold, and the service terribly incomprehensible and long. But at last Mr. Smith mounted the pulpit and very agreeably surprised me by his appearance. He is a very fine-looking man for his years, of a very portly, clerical, dignified figure, and a face as expressive of humor and, yes, as full of fun as I expected.

I could hardly forbear laughing when I saw

him and remembered all the stories I had heard of him, with which his appearance was in such good keeping. His sermon, to be sure, was strange enough. His text was from the parable of the Publican and the Pharisee, and he opened his sermon by informing us that this was an eminently religious age, and therefore he should, instead of persuading to religion, address a few remarks to the religious, and lay down some rules by which they might guide themselves. These were all, as might be expected, directed against that besetting sin of the age, a hatred of pleasure.

He urged most strongly the duty which lies on every religious man to go into the society of those of an entirely different stamp, and drew a most captivating picture of a man who, hiding his religion deep within, "throws the mantle of the world over a pure heart," and goes out gaily into the society of the world. He said, with great moderation, "I do not mean to desire the young to be continually in any vicious society that may fall in their way, but those who are strengthened by prayer and experience should feel it a duty to show what a Christian is;" and though he may not find that people are suddenly converted by his deportment in society (which he before recommended should be very kind and pleasant and civil), yet that years after they would remember the manners of this eminent Christian in the world, and turn from the evil of their ways. There was a good deal more to this effect, the sermon being finished by a direction to us all to be very pleasant and agreeable and friendly, as people judged more of religion from manners than principle.

We all laughed heartily over it as we came home, Tom making great fun of it, and Tom telling us we had a "cauld clatter of morality" about our ears.

Macaulay dined on the evening of the same day at Lansdowne House, and there he found that several of the company had been at St. Paul's also, and that, unlike him and his sisters, they "had admired the sermon."

Six weeks after chronicling that her brother, her sister, and she heard a sermon from Sydney Smith at St. Paul's she chronicles that her brother dined with the speaker, and that he considered the entertainment a splendid but solemn affair, and that among the stories which the speaker told about former guests was the following:—

After having been Speaker for seventeen years you may imagine that men have dined with me of every grade. I remember one person to whom I recommended some White Hermitage, who, when he had drunk his glass, said, "Very pretty tippie!" "Oh, that is a very common expression," said Mr. Duncombe, who is a man likely to be well versed in low life ways, though himself a gentleman. "Not from a person in a Court dress," re-

turned the Speaker. Another Member, he said, came up to him directly after dinner, rubbing his hands and saying, "I thought you'd like to know that we have been very comfortable at *our ind.*"

What adds to the value of Margaret Macaulay's journal, even from a literary point of view, is the simple yet expressive language in which it is written. If it had abounded in fine and polished phrases it would have seemed unnatural, if not untrustworthy. Her way of putting things, though very different from that of her illustrious brother, inspires confidence in her good faith and sincerity.

Writing on the 10th of October, 1831, Margaret says:—

Tom has just left us. He speaks to-night his fourth great speech on Reform, and as fine a collection of speeches, I will venture to say, it will be as ever has been delivered in the House of Commons on one measure. We talked of eloquence, which he has often compared to fresco painting, the result of long study and deep meditation, but at the moment of execution thrown off with the greatest rapidity—what has *apparently* been the work of a few hours to last for ages. To-day he said that in really eloquent displays there must be plan and order, the right thing said in the right place, but it must be done with apparent carelessness and unconsciousness—"A mighty maze, but not without a plan." I have to-day been tracing his parliamentary career in the "Mirror of Parliament." Nothing can be more marked and rapid than his advancement in real eloquence, and in weight and consideration in the House. Not one of his speeches fell still-born. Every one has its proper place in the gradual ascent to his present point of great but increasing excellence.

Macaulay was very young when he first wished to see himself in print. His sister records that "about eight or nine he began to see the absolute necessity of publishing, and he and his eldest sister Selina sat down to consider what it should be." What they determined upon was to extract an account of an *auto da fé* from the "Book of Martyrs," and send it to the *Christian Observer*, where it appeared. At the age of fourteen he sent a letter to the same publication, signed "Candidus," in defence of novel-reading, which led to discussion on the part of readers who regarded novels as the Scotch used to regard playing-cards—that is, devices of the devil. Two poems appeared there; a poem entitled "Tears of Sensibility" appeared in the *Morning Post*.

In the early part of Macaulay's life, when he was writing brilliant articles in the *Edinburgh Review* and delivering as

brilliant speeches in the House of Commons, he was in very straitened circumstances, yet he had the courage and good sense not to be ashamed of his lot. He said to his sister that while men of great talents and consideration were ashamed of their poverty, "this I never am. I tell everybody that I am a very poor man; I can't afford this or that; and never feel an instant who comes to see me at Gray's Inn."

After his sisters had argued him out of making a merit of being happy though poor, they asked him what else interfered with his happiness; he replied that he had a bad stomach.

"You a bad stomach?" I exclaimed. "You, who can eat a pound of tough beef and all sorts of things that no one else can touch?" "But then, I always have the heartburn afterwards." I then began to sum up all his sources of happiness. "You have many attached friends." "Attached friends! I might count them all on my fingers! No, no; I have two delightful sisters, and I do not complain of my circumstances; but if I have any superior happiness it springs, depend on it, from my superior virtues." And from this rock we could not succeed in moving him.

His greatest happiness seems to have been associating with his two sisters, discussing his plans with them and exulting in their compliments. Yet he did not indulge in illusions, or consider that his popularity would be lasting and undimmed. A short passage which puts this clearly was written by his sister on the 14th of November, 1831:—

When I spoke of the intense pride and pleasure which his immense success gave me, the swelling, the triumph of heart, he said, "Ah, my love, you must be prepared for times very different from this. In my life, as in the life of every public man, there must be turns of fortune, times of unpopularity and abuse. I know it must come, and shall be able to bear it."

The last extract which I shall make from Margaret Macaulay's journal is a passage which is as creditable to her as it is complimentary to her distinguished brother. It was penned on the 20th of March, 1832:—

I have just been looking round our little drawing-room, as if trying to impress every inch of it on my memory, and thinking how in future years it will rise before my mind as the scene of many hours of light-hearted ease and mirth; how I shall see him again, lolling indolently on the old blue sofa, or strolling round the narrow confines of our room, who was all the world to me. With such a scene

will come the remembrance of his beaming, animated countenance, happy, affectionate smile, and joyous laugh; whilst every one perfectly at ease said just what came into their heads, and he—grave and gay, making bad puns, rhymes, riddles, and talking all sorts of nonsense, or "more than mortal wise," eloquent and original, pouring forth from the stores of his full mind in his own peculiarly beautiful and expressive language—was more delightful here than anywhere else, because more perfectly unconstrained. How strange, I sometimes think, as those enchanting talents which in various ways delight the world are exerted and displayed for my amusement or instruction—how strange that I, of all people, should be so intimately connected with and so dearly love, and, above all, be loved by him! But so it is. The name which passes through this little room in the quiet, gentle tones of sisterly affection, is a name which will be repeated through distant generations with admiration, linked with eventful times and great deeds, and go down to posterity to receive all the immortality man can bestow.

Having set forth the views entertained of Macaulay by his youngest sister, it will supplement his biography if I give a few letters, hitherto unpublished, which he wrote to his youngest brother. I have to thank Mr. Charles Trevelyan Macaulay, the surviving son of Charles Zachary Macaulay, and one of the young nephews of the historian, whose earliest and pleasanter recollections are associated with Holly Lodge and with "tips" of half-sovereigns whenever he visited it, for the opportunity to print these letters. They have more than a family interest, and they are, in some respects, the most characteristic of all the productions of Macaulay's pen. It may be useful to state that the brother to whom they were written died about three years ago. He began life as a medical student; then he went to the bar; he was registrar of the Court of First Instance in Mauritius in 1846, and he introduced English as the official tongue in the courts there; in 1850, he was appointed secretary to the Board of Health in this country; in 1854, he became secretary and in 1865 commissioner to the Board of Audit, retiring on a pension in 1867, after having distinguished himself in all these posts by his practical and business-like conduct. Unlike his better-known brother, he was reluctant to come before the public, yet his talents and his powers of exposition would have enabled him to make his mark in literature if he had desired it. The only book which he published bore on the title-page the name of Conway Morel as its author. It was given to the public by Messrs. Longmans in 1871, and

bore the title of "Authority and Conscience; a Free Debate on the Tendency of the Dogmatic Theology and on the Characteristics of Faith." Having premised this much, it is sufficient to add that the following letters were written to this brother Charles:—

Calcutta, December 5th, 1836.

DEAR CHARLES,—It is long since I wrote to you, and long since I heard from you; but I do not attribute your silence, and I am sure that you do not attribute mine, to any want of affection. All that I hear of you gives me pleasure, and leads me to hope that you have a busy, useful, honorable, and prosperous life before you. To assist you at entering on it will be my duty, and not more my duty than my pleasure.

In another year my banishment will be over, and I shall be packing up for my voyage. I already begin to feel the pleasure of returning from exile. That pleasure ought to be very great to compensate for the bitter pain of so long and so complete a separation from home. And it is very great; for though England is not all that it once was to me, yet I have no hopes or wishes but what point to England; and I would rather go home with the knowledge that I should die there next year than live here till seventy in the midst of whatever splendor or comfort India affords. I quite understand how it was that neither goddesses nor enchanted palaces nor royal matches nor immortality itself could bribe Ulysses to give up his rugged little Ithaca, and that he was willing to forego everything else in order to see once more the smoke going up from the cottages of his dear island.

Few people, I believe, have this feeling so strongly as I have it. Indeed the great majority of the members of the services here seem perfectly willing to pass their lives in India, and those who go home talk with very little pleasure of the prospect before them. This is not strange, for they generally come out at eighteen or nineteen. Their banishment is their emancipation. The separation from home is no doubt at first disagreeable to them; but the pain is compensated to a great extent by the pleasure of independence—of finding themselves men, and if they are in the Civil Service, of finding themselves rich. A lad, who six months before was under strict discipline, who could indulge in few pleasures for want of money, and who could not indulge in any excess without being soundly scolded by his father and his pedagogue, finds himself able to feast on snipes and drink as much champagne as he likes, to entertain guests, to buy horses, to keep a mistress or two, to maintain fifteen or twenty servants who bow to the ground every time that they meet him, and suffer him to strike and abuse them to his heart's content. He is surrounded by many money-lenders who are more desirous to supply him with funds than he himself to procure

them. Accordingly the coming out to India is quite as often an agreeable as a disagreeable event to a young fellow. If he does not take his furlough—and not one civil servant in three takes his furlough—he remains in India till he is forty-five or fifty, and is then almost unfit for England. He has outlived his parents; he is estranged from his early friends. His children, who have been sent over to England at six or seven years old, are estranged from him. He is a man of consequence in the East. In Europe he knows that he will be considered as an old, yellow-faced bore, fit for nothing but to drink Cheltenham water and to ballot at the India House. He has acquired, it may be, a great deal of valuable information on Indian affairs, is an excellent Oriental scholar, knows intimately all the interests of the native courts, is as well acquainted with the revenue system of Bengal as Huskisson was with the revenue system of England—is as deeply read in Hindoo and Mahometan jurisprudence as Sugden in the law of England. He knows that these acquirements, which make him an object of admiration at Calcutta, will procure for him no applause—nay, not the smallest notice in London. He has probably acquired some lazy, self-indulgent habits. He cannot dress without the help of two or three servants; he cannot dine without a great variety of dishes; he cannot go out without a carriage. Under such circumstances he finds England a wretched place. He was powerful; he was eminent; he was comfortable. He is utterly insignificant, and is forced to go without the attendance and the luxuries which habit had rendered necessary to him.

The case with me is very different. I have not yet become reconciled to the change from English to Indian habits. I have not suffered the ordinary helplessness of my countrymen here to grow upon me. I never suffer anybody to assist me in dressing or in any of the thousand little offices which every man ought to be in the habit of performing for himself. My acquirements, such as they are, fit me far better for Europe than for Asia, nor have I any reason to expect that I should be exposed to any mortifying neglect at home. I came hither at an age at which I had formed strict friendships, and I shall return before time has at all diminished the strength of those friendships. I shall leave nothing that I shall ever remember with regret.

I am exceedingly glad, for the reasons which I have mentioned, that Trevelyan is going to take his furlough. I really think it is an inestimable advantage to a civil servant that he should, at about thirty, spend a couple of years in Europe. As a boy he can know nothing of English society. When he returns an old nabob his tastes and character have taken their ply, and it is too late to think of giving them a different bent; but by visiting England while still young, with his mind in its full vigor, with his habits and feelings not yet unchangeably fixed, he becomes an En-

glishman, and looks forward with pleasure during the rest of his Indian career to his final return to England. I think that after an hour's talk with a civilian of forty I could guess nine times out of ten whether he had or had not taken his furlough. Some of the cleverest men and of the most valuable public servants in India have never seen England from sixteen to fifty; but whatever their merit may be, there is always a certain peculiar narrowness and Orientalism about them. They hate the thought of going home, and they seldom enjoy themselves at home when they do go.

But I must not go on rambling in this way. Ever, dear Charles, yours most affectionately,
T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, London, *November 27th, 1848.*

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I should have written to you more than once, if I had not apprehended that my letters might not reach Mauritius till you were on your voyage to England; and even now I write in doubt. We have all been much interested by your political and literary labors, and think them highly creditable to you and likely to be useful to the public. I have been working intensely during some months on my history, rising at day-break, and sometimes sitting at my desk twelve hours at a stretch. This work is for the present over. On Friday next, the 1st of December, we publish. I hardly know what to anticipate. Everybody who has seen the book—that is to say, Lord Jeffrey, Ellis, Trevelyan, Hannah, and Longman—predict complete success, and say that it is as entertaining as a novel; but the truth is that, in such a case, friends are not to be trusted, and booksellers, after they have struck a bargain, are even less to be trusted than friends. The partialities of an author for what he has written are nothing compared to the partialities of a publisher for what he has bought. However, a few weeks will show. I am in doubt about sending you a copy, though I have ordered one to be reserved for you. You will probably see the book first in the Yankee edition. A New York house has given me two hundred pounds for early proof sheets. Longman is to pay me five hundred a year for five years in consideration of the privilege of printing six thousand copies. This is a very pleasant addition to my income; and if the book succeeds, I shall probably find literature not only a more pleasant but a more gainful pursuit than politics.

We are all well; Hannah very much improved in health, I think, but she has been forced of late to play the nurse much more than does her good. I hope soon to meet your wife at Clapham, and to make acquaintance with the children. I could say a great deal about Edward Cropper and his marriage, but that may wait till we meet, which I hope will be early in the summer. This strange and awful year is ending better than a few months ago there seemed reason to

expect. England, Scotland, even Ireland are quiet. In France and Germany the friends of order are getting the upper hand. In the United States the spectacle which Europe has lately presented seems to have strengthened the moderate party. We learn to-day that Taylor has been elected President in opposition to that odious firebrand Cass. Peace, I hope, is now tolerably secure, and you may return without being afraid either of the stars and stripes or of the tricolor.

Ever yours,
T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, London, *March 3rd, 1849.*

DEAR CHARLES,—Whether this letter will reach you in the Mauritius, I do not know; I write at a venture. I learned yesterday that Lord Grey has resolved, without any solicitation on the part of anybody connected with you, to offer you the Secretaryship of the Colony.

I do not wish to influence your decision; but I think it right to tell you that, in my opinion, your chances of obtaining public employment in England are not great, and that the situation now offered to you puts you in the way of whatever promotion the Colonial Office has to give. I should hope that in a very few years you would obtain a good government. If, on consideration, you make up your mind to pass the years of your most vigorous manhood in serving your country abroad, the advantages are obvious. You will get over the years of your boy's education. You will be able, I presume, to live on your appointments, and your private income will be saved. I should hope that in time part even of your official income may be laid by; by the time that you are fifty you will have a comfortable independence honorably earned, and we may then hope to be able to put your son* into some place in which he will not be a burden to you.

This is one side of the question. Whether you think these advantages worth years of expatriation is a point of which you alone are the proper judge. Trevelyan, as usual, is decidedly of opinion that you ought to accept the offer of the Colonial Office; my own wishes, I confess, are rather on the same side, but I am sensible that no man knows what will make another man happy. I would infinitely rather read and write by my quiet fire-side in the Albany than be first Lord of the Treasury or Governor General of India, and I shall not think that we have the smallest right to blame you if, on full consideration, you prefer a quiet and modest rural life in England to the more lucrative path which is open before you. I only beg you again to consider that you are now called to choose between public employment and privacy. I should deceive you if I suffered you to hope that any place here is likely to be attainable; reduction is going on in every department,

* Thomas George Macaulay, who died 1864, was an officer in the Indian army.

and I have no longer any pretence for asking favors of the ministers.

Mary's * feeling is among the matters which you will have to consider. I do not pretend to guess at what her wishes may be. Hannah will write to her without delay, and will apprise her of what is in contemplation. We are all well and prospering; the sale of my book has been enormous, twelve thousand copies in three months—none of Sir Walter's novels went faster; the demand still keeps up at four hundred a week, and we are going to stereotype. I expect to make some thousands pleasantly enough by this success. I should have sent you a copy long ago if I had felt any assurance that it would reach you. . . .

Ever, my dear Charles, yours most affectionately,
T. B. MACAULAY.

P.S.—We were all much pleased by your literary exertions.

Albany, August 4th, 1850.

DEAR CHARLES,—There can be no impropriety in your writing to so old a family friend as Inglis. Whether he is likely to have much influence with Lord Ashley I cannot tell; their views generally agree, and I dare say that they are friends. But I never heard that there was any special intimacy, and I do not remember to have once met Ashley at Inglis's. I wish you all success. I told Trevelyan that a word from Brodie might in my opinion be of use.

Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

P. S.—I was vexed at finding that your child † had been christened without my hearing of the matter—I should certainly have been there.

Albany; Thursday.

DEAR CHARLES,—I have been much vexed at missing you; if you had left word when you expected to call I would have been at home if possible; I say if possible, for I am forced to be much at the Museum. Trevelyan has kept me informed of the progress of your affair; if there had been any hitch I should have gone to Lord Seymour, but I was extremely averse to interfere unnecessarily, and this partly on your account; for I thought it very important to your comfort and to your weight that your appointment should have nothing of the character of a job, but should be evidently the result of a proper consideration of what the public interest required. Trevelyan has been most kind, and judiciously so; we are all greatly obliged to him. I give your wife joy of your success; I shall be glad to hear of your plans when they are settled.

Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, January 17th, 1852.

DEAR CHARLES,—Thank our cousin in my name, and tell him that nothing will ever

* "Mary" is Mary Macaulay, the wife of C. Z. Macaulay.

† "Your child" is Charles Trevelyan Macaulay, the younger son of Charles Zachary Macaulay.

again tempt me to go through an election. Should I leave my oil? should I leave my wine? You remember the beautiful fable in the book of Judges! I return the letter.

Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

Greenwood Lodge, Thames Ditton,
August 23rd, 1854.

DEAR CHARLES,—The Report on the Indian Civil Service is printed; that is to say, there are four or five copies in print. Some corrections are still to be made, and my only copy is marked in many places and cannot well be spared. Charles Wood has seen it as it now stands, and decidedly approves of it. If I can get another copy I will send it to you. I am sorry that you should visit Cambridge without me, nor is this a good time of the year. You ought to go when the place is full, and to dine in our hall and attend evening service in our chapel. At present the colleges are as desolate as the streets of Pompeii.

I still remember our visit to Oxford with much pleasure. That was, I think, in the winter of 1840; I think it much better that you should be where you are than that you should return to the Board of Health. You do not mention your wife and children; my love to them if they are with you.

Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

Holly Lodge, May 5th, 1859.

DEAR CHARLES,—I am truly glad that the examination* has terminated so satisfactorily. Your boy has, I hope, a prosperous and honorable career before him.

Ever yours,

MACAULAY.

Malvern, September 25th, 1851.

DEAR CHARLES,—Our relative† is an abandoned liar; he called on me at the Albany a few days before I left town, and began haranguing about his plans touching the water supply. I cut him short by telling him that his disreputable life, his frauds, his insolence and ingratitude to myself, and the manner in which he had abused my name by employing it to cheat innkeepers, and to obtain admittance to public men, had determined me to have no more to do with him. He stormed and ranted and blasphemed, after his ordinary fashion. I told him that my purpose was unalterable, but at parting, as he had said that he was in want of money, I put a cheque for twenty pounds into his hand; he took it, and went on declaiming, "I do not want your money; the just God knows that I hate money, I despise money—money is the root of all evil." He then thrust the root of all evil into his pocket, and walked away. I gave immediate orders to the servants never again to let him pass the door. Well, I came down

* This letter refers to Thomas George Macaulay, who passed his examination for the Indian army.

† "Relative" has been substituted for the name which is given in this letter.

to this place, and, in a few days — about a fortnight, I think, certainly less than three weeks after this scene, I received a letter from him, he had spent the twenty pounds, and wanted thirty more immediately. In plain words he wants me to allow him ten pounds a week, five hundred and twenty pounds a year, nearly a third of my whole income, and twice as much as I allow to both my unmarried sisters. I sent him no answer; then came letters upon letters; he could not quit London without my help, he did not know where to get a morsel of bread. Then he had the impudence to write to Elizabeth* to ask her to inform him why his nephew did not send him any reply. I suppose that he thought that poor Elizabeth was on the same footing with me on which his housekeeper formerly was with him. Then he sent me a libel which he has printed and circulated against our cousins, the sons of his brother John; it seems that, though he has not money to buy a roll, he can find money to publish lampoons against his nephews. I remained, and shall remain, obstinately silent; if he calls at the Albany, he shall not be admitted; if he makes a disturbance, which I think very likely, I shall send for the police. It is not very agreeable to figure in a Marlborough Street report, but I am confident that whoever knows anything about him will acquit me of harshness, and at worst the story will be a nine days' wonder, and if he once sees that I flinch, there will be no limit to his extortions. I wish you a pleasant trip — I love the Isle of Wight dearly; the coast from Shanklin to the Black Gang Chine is one of the loveliest tracts in the kingdom; but I am much afraid that you have delayed your trip a little too long. We have had a glorious August and September; but to-day the equinoctial weather seems to be beginning. The rain is falling in torrents, and my trees are tossing in the wind. Love to Mrs. Charles and the children.

Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

Since the publication of Sir George Trevelyan's life, Macaulay's character has stood higher in public estimation than it did before, yet it is doubtful whether his genius has even yet received due appreciation. Critics of weight and position write slightly of his works, pronounce his style mechanical and artificial, and his history as untrustworthy and over-rhetorical. M. Taine, who is one of the greatest among living French critics and who is an historian in the first rank, has estimated Macaulay more justly than many of Macaulay's countrymen have done. Indeed, M. Taine's admiration for the English writer has increased since he first

devoted a long chapter to him in his "History of English Literature." I know this from personal conversation with my friend M. Taine; but I can set it forth on the authority of his handwriting in the following extract from a note which I recently received: —

I read over again one or two of Macaulay's volumes every year. People now say in England that his talent is *merely rhetorical*, but that is not my opinion. To my mind, he is, as an historian, the greatest artist and the first writer of this century, being incomparable in explaining, setting forth, narrating, co-ordinating, passing from one topic to another and in varying his tone. I put on one side his opinions, his partisanship, his conclusions, all of which are subjects of controversy, and are secondary; but as regards his *art* he is in advance of every one else.

M. Taine is as warm an admirer and as appreciative a critic of Macaulay as an orator as he is of him as an historian. The speeches which made Macaulay so conspicuous a person at the time that his sister Margaret was penning her journal, have been somewhat overlooked by posterity. For one reader of Macaulay's speeches there are a dozen readers of his essays, his poems, and his history. It was with great reluctance, if not against the grain, that he corrected his speeches for publication, and he did so only because an unauthorized version of them had appeared. And yet, if nothing else by him had remained behind, he would have had an indisputable claim to the highest place among the men who, in this century, have charmed and moved the House of Commons and aroused the enthusiasm of the public. Writing two years ago in the *Youth's Companion*, an American journal, which is so little read in this country that a quotation from it will have the air of novelty, M. Taine said: —

Take the speeches of Macaulay on the "Ten Hours Bill" and on "the Government of India." Without consulting official documents and the journals of the day you at once detect the aim of the orator, and you feel his eloquence. After that, try to account for the impression he makes on you, page by page, and you readily perceive the means Macaulay employs, the application of principles, and the rigor of his deductions, the breadth and clearness of general ideas, the skilful array of proofs, the copious development of each argument, the abundance and choice of familiar examples and circumstances, the constant appeal to daily and evident experiences, the exactness of his comparison, the wealth of his imagery, the precision of his summing-up and

* The Elizabeth mentioned, and her husband William, were servants of T. B. Macaulay.

the communicative earnestness, generosity, and warmth of his convictions.

The late Lord Lytton fully appreciated Macaulay as an orator, and none of the personages whom he depicts in "St. Stephen's" are honored with higher praise than he. In a note to the poem Lord Lytton states:—

There has appeared to me a disposition to depreciate Macaulay's success as an orator, while doing the amplest justice to his merits as a writer. He was certainly not a debater, nor did he ever attempt to be so; but in the higher art of sustained, elaborate oration, no man in our age has made a more vivid effect upon an audience. His whole turn of mind and style was indeed eminently oratorical, and it might be much more correctly said of him, that his essays were orations, than that his orations were essays.

The few lines in which Lord Lytton characterizes Macaulay as a member of the House of Commons, display his view of him as an orator. After having described the didactic and lecturing manner of Mackintosh, he writes:—

Not thus Macaulay; in that gorgeous mind
Color and warmth the genial light combined;
Learning but glowed into his large discourse,
To heat its mass, and vivify its force.
The effects he studied by the words were made
More than the art with which the words were said!

Perhaps so great an orator was ne'er
So little of an actor; half the care
Giv'n to the speaking which he gave the speech,

Had raised his height beyond all living reach:
E'en as it was, a master's power he proved
In the three tests—he taught, he charmed, he moved.

Few compass one; whate'er their fault may be,
Great orators alone achieve the three.

The entire passage relating to Macaulay deserves perusal; unfortunately it is rather too long for quotation here, hence I shall content myself with quoting the six lines which nobly mark his place in the annals and the literature of England. After having set forth what Macaulay did for the Whig party, to which he was devotedly attached and of which he was one of the greatest ornaments, Lord Lytton continues:—

This given to party, what to England, say,
Left to endure, when parties fade away?
To her young sons the model of a life,
Mild in its calm, majestic in its strife;
To her rich language blocks of purest ore,
To her grand blazon one proud quartering more!

W. FRASER RAE.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

JOHN BRIGHT AND QUAKERISM.

BY AN EX-QUAKER.

THE death of John Bright once more reminded the world that the great orator and patriot belonged to one of the smallest religious communities. The full descriptions in the newspapers of the simple funeral at Rochdale probably made the English people realize, as they had never realized before, where John Bright stood in relation to the Churches of the country. For a moment the most modest and retiring of sects was brought prominently forward; its quiet ways of worship came suddenly under the notice of millions to whom Quakerism had hitherto been little but a name.

It is perhaps not too much to say that for many years the most frequent remark about Quakerism has been that it is dying out; yet surely that was hardly the thought most naturally suggested by the scene at the little meeting-house at Rochdale on March 30th. Death was, indeed, master there for a moment and in the material sense. But the question of the hour was not, how came bodily death there? but rather, whence came that spiritual vitality which had been so pure, vigorous, and noble; which all ranks and parties in the State were there to honor, and whose fruits would be remembered for generations to come? And one part of that question would be, what did John Bright owe to his Quakerism? Some interest may be found in a few words upon this latter question by one who knows Quakerism, its schools, its worship, and its social life, from both the inside and the outside points of view.

First, however, it must be fully acknowledged that John Bright had gifts which would have made him eminent from whatever religious community he might have sprung. It was not due to his very slight education in the Quaker schools at Ackworth and York that he became a brilliant orator; still less was it due to the example or precept set before him in Quaker meeting. It was neither at school nor at meeting that he acquired even his command of the English language and his love for English poetry. Men of genius always belong to their nation rather than to a sect, and cannot be measured by any sectarian standard. But a glance at John Bright in his special relations with his sect will show this only the more plainly, and at the same time will gratify the legitimate curiosity which would seek to follow

him into the religious circle in which he moved.

John Bright was unique as a politician, and Quakerism is unique as a religion; there is an attraction at once in both, as objects of study. But a comparison between them has yet a third point of interest, in the fact that John Bright was unique as a Quaker. The question must have occurred to many minds, how far did the popular leader illustrate, and how far did he transcend, the ordinary type of Quaker? What place did the admired and combative orator occupy in the most peaceful, least popular, and least talkative sect? The following remarks will bear chiefly on this point.

The deepest and most intimate relations between a man's religion and his outward life are seldom brought into view until his biography is fully written, and the present instance is no exception. Every one knows that John Bright spoke not unfrequently, and always loyally, of his own religious community, and his last wishes are evidence that he remained a staunch Friend to the end. Every one knows also that his speeches abound with Biblical allusions, quotations, and illustrations, and with appeals to religious sentiments. But probably most people outside the Society of Friends will be surprised to learn how small a part he took in what men ordinarily call the life and work of their Church. And, indeed, I think there is some ground for surprise within the Society itself. For consider the facts. Here was one of the most gifted, earnest, and religious speakers in the country, a member of a religious society which offers opportunity and freedom of speech equalled by few if any other religious bodies, and yet within the Society he was one of the most silent members. John Bright's voice was never heard in meetings for worship, and only occasionally in meetings for business. This is a remarkable circumstance. A Friends' meeting is in theory the most free and equal body of worshippers there can be. There is no official priest or minister to lead the devotions. No sacerdotal authority or exclusive function of any kind is recognized. Poor and rich, learned and unlearned, men and women, are on the same level. The Spirit, which is no respecter of persons, may choose its spokesman from any class, or it may choose no spokesman at all. "Surely," a stranger would exclaim, "here was a field for the noblest exercise of such gifts as John Bright possessed. Mr. Gladstone is only permitted to read the lessons. Did not

John Bright use his greater opportunities?" No, he did not.

This will appear the more remarkable when it is considered how widely the Society of Friends differs from other religious bodies in matters of great importance. In most Churches, instruction and exhortation on such matters are conveyed at least occasionally in sermons. It is considered needful to warn the people, especially the young, against the errors and dangers of beliefs and practices not recognized by the body. What scope and what need (according to the usual view of worship) for such addresses as John Bright could have given on the true calling of the ministry, on baptism, the communion, and other ceremonies, on holy days, on oaths, on war!

Those however who know the customs of Quakers are aware that in meetings for worship they do not deal with such points in the manner of ordinary preachers. If an enquirer wishing to know the "evidences" of the Quaker form of faith went to Quaker meeting to learn them, he would go in vain. He might repeat his visit Sunday after Sunday for a year and gain no fresh light of the desired kind. He would hear at best the vaguest and most general allusions to the distinctive views of the worshippers. He would be more fortunate than the present writer, who has had years of experience, if he heard a single address making a full and clear defence of any Quaker doctrine against the rival doctrines of other Churches. All such defence is relegated to special lectures or other meetings, and at these John Bright did occasionally speak, especially if the subject was war; but the Quaker means and methods of carrying on work of this kind are very unsystematic, irregular, and uncertain.

But a man of John Bright's intense earnestness and simple piety might have done much to edify his own people by addresses upon the fundamental truths of the Christian religion. With what power would he have impressed those truths! With what beauty would he have clothed them! So one would think. No great English orator has ever in political speeches appealed so frequently or so forcibly to his listeners' faith in God, to their belief in the providential ordering of things for the triumph of justice and truth, to their reverence for the person of Christ, to their sense of the practical nature of the Christian religion, to the sentiments of pity and sympathy and justice as essential elements of that religion. It was on

the occasion of such an appeal that Lord Palmerston, rising to reply, spoke of John Bright as "the honorable and reverend gentleman." The sneer was more worthy of the "infidel" lecturer than the first minister of the crown; but it would not have been so effective as it was in raising a laugh unless there had been an element of truth in it. The offensive epithet was incongruous as applied to a member of a religious body which recognizes no title indicative of professional religious functions (and this fact no doubt made it doubly laughable to those who were in a mood to laugh), but it also quite truly implied that John Bright spoke with more religious feeling than politicians are accustomed to show. He brought his religion directly into his politics. He did not hesitate to make it plain that he spoke as a religious man, and that he thought references to the principles of the Church not out of place in the Houses of Parliament. He was a political preacher, if ever there was one. How was it, then, that he was not a preacher among his own people, by whom he would have been listened to with reverence rather than with sneers?

It is very easy to give a wrong answer to such a question, when there are but few data to found judgment upon. The error most likely to be made is the mistaking of a partial for a complete explanation. The following thoughts are therefore put forward as suggestive and hypothetical rather than as a complete and verified theory.

Any one who has read Charles Lamb's beautiful description of a Quaker meeting should have a pretty correct idea of the prevailing atmosphere of that remarkable species of human assembly. It is an atmosphere of singular stillness, which may appear to one person the stillness of a sultry southern noon, to another the stillness of the keen arctic night, but which tends to bring to all an intense self-consciousness. The soul seems to be alone with God. It is as if the creation day were come again, when the "Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." There, if anywhere, are people who believe, like the prophet, that God speaks, not in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the "still, small voice." There is probably little in the Quakers' abstract doctrine of the Holy Spirit from which the majority of Christians would dissent. It is the prominence which they have given to that doctrine and their mode of applying it, that has made their worship and preaching so unique. They have given a

peculiar distinctness and emphasis to the Holy Spirit's functions, and (a more important point) they have attached particular value to its spontaneous manifestations.

In the most widely accepted statement of Quaker views, namely Barclay's "Apology," the writer, having asked what the minister's "proper work is, how and by what rule he is to be ordered," answers as follows: "Our opponents do all along go upon externals, and therefore have certain prescribed rules contrived according to their human wisdom; we, on the contrary, walk still upon the same foundation, and lean always upon the *immediate* assistance and influence of that Holy Spirit which God has given his children, to teach them all things and lead them in all things." And in another place he says: "The Spirit of God should be the immediate persuader and influencer of man in the particular acts of worship, when the saints are met together." One would naturally expect preaching believed to emanate from immediate inspiration to be distinguished by freshness, vigor, and fire, and these were not uncommon characteristics of the preaching of the early Quakers. But the belief in the immediate inspiration has had after all a very narrow scope. Manifestly it might lead to utter disorder and license, if there were no check. The kind of check which has operated in Quakerism is indicated in the following sentences from Barclay: "When assembled, the great work of one and all ought to be to wait upon God; and excluding their own thoughts and imaginations, to feel the Lord's presence. . . . As there can be nothing more opposite to the natural will and wisdom of man than this silent waiting upon God, so neither can it be obtained, nor rightly comprehended by man, but as he layeth down his own wisdom and will, so as to be content to be thoroughly subject to God." This exclusion of men's "own thoughts and imaginations," of "the natural wisdom and will of man," is consistent, it gives an appearance of completeness and clearness to the theory of the ministry. But as a practical precept, it is the source of endless ambiguities and doubts. To such persons as have reached definite and firm convictions and have the zeal of the missionary enthusiast, it will give the magnetic power of entire assurance; but on the majority of persons it will impose either silence, or a timid, hesitating, trembling manner of speech. Moreover, in all cases it will produce a kind of preaching peculiarly narrow in its range, touching at

the fewest possible points the common affairs and interests of life. It is, therefore, not difficult to understand why Quaker preaching has ceased to attract and win numbers since the time when the early missionary enthusiasm of the body declined.

Man's "thoughts and imaginations," his "wisdom and will"! What may not be included under these categories? There is just now a tendency to relax that strictness of interpretation, which, I fear, has long crippled Quaker ministry. The younger and more intellectual members of the body have been influenced by the new religious currents of the age, and are introducing innovations which twenty years ago would have shocked most of the Quakers of John Bright's generation.

In the eyes of the latter the addresses now sometimes read from manuscript in Quaker meeting would have been but bits of man's wisdom and will; a quotation from Shakespeare would have aroused suspicion of other communication than that of the Holy Spirit; any detailed allusion to a current political event would have been startling; a personal reference on the occasion of the death of a great statesman or writer would have been considered a questionable freedom; a consecutive controversial argument would have savored too plainly of human reason. Above all, preachers were particularly watchful to avoid the slightest taint of the human arts of eloquence. Plain extempore language, exclusively Biblical quotation and illustration, a timidly uncontroversial tone, a subdued and constrained manner—these have long been the characteristic features of Quaker preaching. It seems, then, safe to say that, whatever Quaker meeting did for John Bright in other respects, it did nothing for the development of his oratorical as distinguished from his intellectual and moral powers. On the contrary, in default of fuller evidence, it may be assumed that the climate of the place was distinctly unfavorable to their exercise, and that this was one reason why John Bright kept silence among his own people. For he was made for a more vigorous, spontaneous, outspoken, and varied mode of address than that prevailing within those simple and narrow homes of Quaker worship. He would not have felt at ease within the undefined but customary limits. His style would have been an incongruity, though a splendid incongruity. Frequent ministry would perhaps have diminished its force and flexibility, and in that case, though Quakerism, in a

narrow sense, might have gained, England would have lost.

I trust I have succeeded in showing that Bright's eloquence is not less but more remarkable from the fact that he was a Quaker, and also that he is a unique figure in the history of his sect. The Society of Friends has produced many devoted philanthropists, and it has firmly though quietly supported every movement for political reform. But never before has there sprung from it a great political orator. Most of the leading Quaker philanthropists have been preachers also, and it would appear that, if the Quakers could have avoided rigidity in the standards and habits of their ministry while preserving its unprofessional and sincere character, they would have been more likely than any other religious community to produce political orators of the best stamp. But the crude and untrained style of the meeting-house has influenced their whole style of public utterance. In the case of John Bright such influence was minimized on the one hand by his silence in the meeting-house and on the other hand by his frank recognition of eloquence as an art which it is lawful and desirable to cultivate.

In this latter respect he has set an example which has borne and will yet bear much fruit among the Friends. John Bright, though he did not preach what his own people would recognize as sermons, was one of the truest followers of George Fox that the Society ever contained. He carried on George Fox's work in a sphere where it was most needed and in a manner adapted to the changed ideas and conditions of our time. For what was the essential truth in George Fox's teaching in its application to speaking and preaching? This—that only out of deep personal conviction and in obedience to the imperative promptings of duty should a man dare to speak to his fellows of truth and righteousness and love, and expound God's laws of justice and mercy; but that whenever he did feel such a call, he should feel that he bore the responsibility of a divine message. This, express it as we may, is a grand and eternal truth. Faithfulness to it has given Quakerism whatever strength it has had, and probably all parties will agree that it has possessed a strength out of proportion to its numbers. But in spite of its protest against forms, Quakerism has formalized in some degree its own fundamental truth. It has not altogether escaped the tendency which appears in every religious body to pre-

serve the early habits and methods of the society long after they have become unsuitable and inadequate. For some time Quakerism, especially in its preaching and worship, has shown a very low vitality. Some of the younger Friends are slowly bringing about small changes, and it remains to be proved whether they realize what will be required before the Society can exercise as great an influence as formerly upon the religious life of England. John Bright's career may be taken as an index of what it could do, if it were freed from merely traditional trammels. For he was not only a man of genius, he was also a Quaker preacher, though he preached chiefly outside the Quaker fold. No Quaker was ever more entirely ruled by the essential truth of George Fox's teaching, as described above, but the conventional ideas and habits of Quaker meeting were too narrow for the free utterance of the spirit within him. The moral to be drawn from the singular fact of the great orator's silence as a worshipper is, I believe, the following — that the root of simplicity, sincerity, and devotion from which Quakerism originally sprang is still living and strong, but it is in danger of becoming cramped by meeting-house proprieties; and if it is to flourish again and bear its proper fruit, it must be replanted, or at least allowed to draw nourishment from the new soil of thought and liberty which the spirit has prepared during the last two hundred years.

From The Spectator.
SAINT-PAUL DU VAR.

AMONG the hill towns of the Riviera, none is more curious in itself, and beautiful in its surroundings, than Saint-Paul du Var. It stands very high up, very near the mountains, between the valleys of the Loup and the Var, but can be easily approached by road either from Cannes, Antibes, or Nice. Driving from Antibes, we cross the flat country, the plain of the Brague, with that unmatched view of sea and snow-mountains, which almost, to my mind, makes Antibes the most beautiful spot on the Riviera. Then, not long before reaching the little station of Vence-Cagnes, we turn up into the valley, and go gradually climbing into the hill country. These great winding valleys are wonderfully grand; the forms of the ground, its sweeping curves, the mountain spurs that

advance into them, the sudden corners from which some glorious mountain view breaks in upon us, snow and purple crags, the wide slopes rich with vines and olives, and all rose-pink with almond-blossom; here and there a river loitering down its grey, stony bed, the look of which is enough to suggest those torrents that sometimes sweep away bridges and men's lives in their wild fury; and far away, backed by the mountains, standing forward proudly on what it seems still to think its own impregnable rock, such a place as Saint-Paul, — houses crowded together, church-tower rising high above them, strong walls of defence all round. One has seen such little hill towns in the background of old Italian pictures, with a tall line of cypresses, perhaps their stiff grey stems and pointed foliage in themselves the making of a picture. These landscapes, the landscapes of the old painters, who drew nature as they saw her, become familiar to one's eyes on the Riviera. It is rather like making acquaintance with a real person whose portrait one has long known, and finding him or her even more striking, more engaging, than the most literal portrait.

It is not very long after leaving the highroad that one catches the first glimpse of Saint-Paul, very far off, standing out yellow and grey against its background of mountains, the nearer range purple, washed with rose, the further, dazzling snow. Long before it comes into sight again, we cross the Loup by a smart new bridge; the old one was washed away by the torrent some years ago. Then we pass under the picturesque little town and old *château* of Villeneuve-Loubet, with a curious tower built by Saracen prisoners. This was the castle of Romée de Villeneuve, Dante's pilgrim Romeo, and for several hundred years one of the strongholds of the great Villeneuve family, still surviving in Provence. It afterwards belonged to the equally famous Lascaris, and it was one of their descendants who lent it to François I. Here Pope Paul III., who had once been Bishop of Vence, paid a visit to the king, and mediated between him and Charles V. But for the history of all this country, and the genealogy of its great families, in itself a most interesting part of history, we had better refer to those who have studied the subject; and I will venture specially to mention that charming book by the author of "Véra," "The Maritime Alps and their Seaboard," the inseparable companion of

any one who really cares to know the Riviera.

Saint-Paul lies there on its rock in the sunshine, and the beauty of its situation strikes us with wonder as we come slowly climbing nearer it. After passing through the village of La Colle, we cross a broad valley, between rich fields of olives, long grass, vines, figs, almonds, and vegetables, with the mountains towering on our left. Then, turning to the right, we pass under some trees, with stone benches, a sort of boulevard under the walls, and find ourselves at the gate of the little fortified town. There is no one to dispute our entrance now. Under heavy archways, through a sort of winding passage, where gates and portcullises once were, we walked quietly into the deserted place. It seems as if no one had touched Saint-Paul since its last siege, or since its great families went away. The old circling walls remain the same, hardly even ruinous; they were built by Mandon in the time of François I. Saint-Paul has never spread outside the walls, and is not likely to do so now, for its great days are past, the days in which the seneschals of Provence lived there. It is almost too remote now to rise up again; its few inhabitants live on the produce of their fields, and probably do not care very much about the unique beauty of their strange old town; but in saying this, I remember something which proves the contrary, at least, in one instance. After all, it is not only strangers and foreigners who go away with Saint-Paul *à la tête*. We walked through several narrow old streets and lanes of high, dark houses, and past a picturesque well, and found our way into the church, which is really fine, and very clean and well kept, like all the churches in this country. Coming out into the sunshine again, the still sunshine and dark shadows of the street, we saw a woman standing at a house-door. I mention this, because she was the only living thing we had yet seen in Saint-Paul, except a lonely hen pecking near the gateway, and a cat that ran away from us up a dark passage. Afterwards we met a man, who looked at us with surprise. But certainly at first, it seemed as if the people of Saint-Paul had all hidden themselves, or rather gone away altogether; for the place was utterly still, and felt as lonely as it looked. The main street leads straight from the church, through the middle of the little town, down to the ramparts on the south side, where there is now another gate, leading down into the valley towards the sea. We did

not go that way, but wandered round to the eastern ramparts, and walked slowly along them, every moment more struck with the singular beauty of the place. A narrow, stony, and rather dangerous path led along close to the top of the walls, over which we looked down into a ravine full of orange and olive trees. Beyond and behind it rose the mountain range; here and there a village, with its tall campanile, niched in under some crag. To the right, the narrow road that circles the town divided us from gardens full of orange-trees, golden with fruit—the oranges about here are celebrated; beyond these, again, rose the high houses of the town and its church-tower.

Following our little path round the walls we came at last to the south-east corner of the ramparts, where an old woman in a shady hat, with a quaint, ugly, intelligent face, was standing, eating oranges, and looking at the view. Her clothes were old and poor, but the amiable dignity of her manners seemed to show that she was a person of some note in Saint-Paul. We stood there with her, talking, for a long time. The sun was hot; the oranges which she kindly offered us were sour; but the freshness, purity, and life of the mountain air we breathed was wonderful, and the views were glorious, whether we turned round to look at the shadows on the mountains, the glitter of the snow, the splendid sweep of the range away towards Grasse and the west, or gazed down to the sea, over the ravines and rocks below Saint-Paul, over the rich valleys, pink and shining in the sunshine, broken by hills and by towers, through which the little rivers run and join, to the blue, bright horizon of sea and sky, Antibes glittering white, away to the south-west. The extraordinary peace and stillness, the distance, as it seemed, from the world, of this strange little town and magnificent landscape, made an impression that one is not likely to forget. Our old friend presently told us that she was a native of Saint-Paul, but her husband had been a *gendarme*, and they had gone away for some years to live at Marseilles. "Mais j'avais toujours Saint-Paul à la tête;" and so, when it was possible, she had come back to her old home. And then she pointed down to a little walled square under the ramparts where we were standing,—the cemetery of Saint-Paul, with its rows of wooden crosses, and bead-wreaths, and a little new chapel that was building. She explained to us the exact spot where she was to be buried, looking gravely

down, and saying, "Faut penser à l'éternité." And we could hardly imagine a more beautiful place of repose.

When we had left her, and had gone through the town again, and lingered on the ramparts on the other side, and then reluctantly made our way back through the gateway again, we at last saw the population of Saint-Paul. For some time we had heard a drum beating in the distance; we now found a cheap-jack's cart drawn up on the boulevard, and a lively sale going on in the middle of a crowd of dark, good-tempered-looking men and women.

The hoarse shrieks of the seller, the rattle now and then of the drum, pursued us into the valley as we left Saint-Paul behind us. But when we look back to that day, the cheap-jack's clatter and crowd seem to fade away into nothing; the one living figure of Saint-Paul, for us, is one old woman standing on the wall, in bright sunshine and clear air, with that splendid landscape round her, eating oranges, and thinking of eternity.

From The Spectator.

LIFE IN CALIFORNIA.

SIR, — As a regular subscriber to your valuable paper, and having read an article concerning California in a recent number, I imagined that a further insight into Californian life might prove interesting to your many English readers. Let them picture to themselves a square white house nestling among a heavy growth of brushwood, upon one of a low range of hills, overlooking a vast plain some twenty miles in length, and eight or ten miles broad, broken here and there by narrow but wonderfully fertile valleys, each of which, during the rainy season, contributes a stream of water to the ocean, which can be seen sparkling and rippling in the almost perpetual sunshine, and they will have an idea of the situation and surroundings of my own and brother's home. On Sunday afternoons, those looked-for hours of leisure, we never tire of sitting upon our verandah and resting our eyes upon the peaceful scene before us. Here and there, large patches of cleared land give evidence of civilization, for this whole track is by nature covered with bushes, including the wild sage, wild buckwheat, arbutus, manzanita, and greasewood, and dotted here and there with a settler's shanty. It is springtime, and in every direction we hear the quail calling to his

mate, and a noise resembling the winding of a clock denotes the presence of the roadrunner. This latter is a remarkable bird, and a great enemy to snakes, which it is said to kill by dropping upon them the leaves of the prickly pear. Humming-birds flit before us, their radiant plumage flashing in the sunlight, while we listen to the drowsy hum of the bees, which are gathering honey from the wild flowers with which the ground is carpeted, and watch the sun sink without a cloud into the boundless ocean. Almost ere we are aware of it, the scene is changed. The moon has risen, the ocean become a sheet of silver, and we hear the music of the waves breaking gently on the rocks. The bees have ceased their labors, the quail retired to roost, and the silence is only broken by the sweet song of the mocking-bird, or the less melodious croaking of the frogs; while thin columns of smoke curling upwards from the scattered homesteads remind us that we, too, must be preparing supper. Could your readers follow us in, they would find the rooms but simply furnished. In the centre of the dining-room is a large, home-made table, round which are some comfortable chairs, and in a corner stands the useful shot-gun. Upon a shelf lie the local papers, the *Spectator*, and a few books. The room is also decorated with the skins of birds, wild cats, and rattlesnakes. When supper is over, we read for a short time, and retire early, to fit us for the hard work of the coming week. The nights are cool, but not too cold to prevent our sleeping with doors and windows wide open all the year round. At daybreak, the rattling of plates and the sizzle of frying bacon announce the arrival of the breakfast-hour. We rise and hastily don our week-day clothes, which consist of canvas trousers, flannel shirts, and warm socks, over which are drawn heavy leather boots reaching to the knees. With the addition of broad-brimmed hats, our costumes are complete, and we sally forth to attend to the wants of the horses and cattle. This duty over, breakfast is steaming on the table, and we are well prepared to empty speedily our basins of oatmeal porridge, and turn our attention to the beans and bacon, — the staple dish upon most Californian ranches. Breakfast over, we apply ourselves to our various tasks, which consist at this season of ploughing among the vines, hauling last season's crop of hay to the San Diego market (seventeen miles distant), and looking after forty stands of bees, which are now swarming. These busy little crea-

tures are not much trouble, and a source of considerable profit to every careful bee-keeper. Employed in such a manner, the days pass rapidly, and Sunday morning soon returns. Your readers would be amused as well as edified were they present for the first time at our Sunday service, which is held in a deserted cabin, about one and a half miles distant. Fortunate do we consider ourselves if we succeed in persuading some wandering preacher to preside at our meeting. The speaker's desk consists of an old sugar-barrel, with some boards nailed over one end, hidden from view by an old table-cloth. At the other end of the room are the pews, equally simple, and made by fastening redwood boards upon empty grocery boxes. The congregation is small, never exceeding thirty, and seldom numbering less than five. Before the preaching (if there is any) a Sunday-school is held, which is attended by old and young, and taken charge of by a superintendent as earnest and conscientious as he is lacking in good breeding, and far better known for his charity than for intellectual ability. When the gentleman in question has introduced to the congregation some friend of his who has promised to preach, he will turn to the minister, and good-naturedly ask him, if prepared with a sermon, to "go ahead and spit it right out." While the sermon is in progress, the dogs walk in and out at pleasure through the front and back doors, which are kept open to permit the gentle sea breeze to cool the room. Altogether, our life is a happy one, but we would never recommend people to try it, unless willing to forego many social pleasures, and prepared to face the hardships, which on a new place for the first few years are inseparable from a rancher's life. I am, sir, etc.,

EDWARD VINCENT.

Linda Vista, San Diego County, California, U.S.A.

From Nature.

A NEW MOUNTAIN OF THE BELL.

I HAVE just returned from a journey of four weeks in the desert of Mount Sinai, made with the especial object of studying the *Jebel Nagous* in connection with the joint researches of Dr. Alexis A. Julien and myself on "musical sand." The "Mountain of the Bell" is situated on the Gulf of Suez, about four and a half hours from Tor by the roundabout camel route. It was first described by Seetzen in 1808,

since which time it has been visited by Ehrenberg, Gray, Wellstedt, Rüppell, Ward, Newbold, and the late Professor Palmer, as well as by large numbers of pilgrims. My observations confirm in the main their accounts of the acoustic phenomena heard, but my measurements differ widely from those of all the travellers save Professor Palmer.

The name *Jebel Nagous* is given by the Bedouins to a mountain nearly three miles long and about 1,200 feet high, composed of white sandstone bearing quartz, pebbles, and veins. On the western and northern sides are several large banks of blown sand, inclined at high angles. The sand on one of these slopes, at the north-west end of the mountain, has the property of yielding a deep resonance when it slides down the incline either from the force of the wind, or by the action of man. This bank of sand I distinguish from the others by calling it the *Bell Slope*. It is triangular in shape, and measures 260 feet across the base, 5 to 8 feet across the top, and is 391 feet high. It has the high inclination of 31° quite uniformly. It is bounded by vertical cliffs of sandstone, and is broken towards the base by projecting rocks of the same material. The sand is yellowish in color, very fine, and possesses at this inclination a curious mobility which causes it to flow when disturbed, like treacle or soft pitch, the depression formed being filled in from above and advancing upward at the same time. The sand has none of the characteristics of sonorous sand found on beaches. When pulled downwards by the hands or pushed by the feet a strong vibration is felt, and a low note is plainly heard resembling the deep bass of an organ-pipe. The loudness and continuity of the note are related to the mass of sand moved, but I think that those who compare it to distant thunder exaggerate. The bordering rocky walls give a marked echo, which may have the effect of magnifying and prolonging the sounds, but which, as I afterwards demonstrated, is not essential. There are no cavities for the sand to fall into, as erroneously reported. The peak of *Jebel Nagous* rises above the *Bell Slope* to the height of 955 feet above the sea-level, as determined by a sensitive aneroid.

After studying the locality and phenomenon for several days, I formed the opinion that it could not be unique as hitherto supposed, and accordingly I tested every steep slope of blown sand met with on the caravan route northward to Suez. On April 6 I examined a steep sandbank on a

hillock only 45 feet high, and was rewarded by the discovery of a second Nagous. This new Nagous is in the Wadi Werdan, only five minutes off the regular caravan route, and one and a half days, by camels, from Suez. The hillock is called by the Bedouins *Ramadan*, and forms the eastern end of a range of low hills about one quarter of a mile long; being the only hills in the Wadi, the locality can easily be found by travellers. The hills consist of conglomerate and sandstone, and to the west, of gypsum; they slope up gradually from the north, and end in bold cliffs on the south side. Sand blown by the north wind is carried over the cliffs, and rests on the steep face at two inclinations, 31° above, and 21° , or less, below. By applying the usual tests with the hands to the fine-grained sand, I found that wherever it lies at the requisite angle to produce mobility (31°), it yielded the bass note, though not so loud as on the Bell Slope of Jebel Nagous. In one instance, my friend and fellow-traveller, Mr. Henry A. Sim, of the Madras Civil Service, who kindly aided me in my investigations, heard the sound while standing 100 feet distant. The Nagous sand occurs at intervals throughout the 500 yards of low cliffs; the main bank at the east end being 150 feet wide and 60 feet high measured on the incline. I stirred up the mobile sand pretty thoroughly on this slope, and the next day it failed to give the sounds, not having recovered its properties. The intervening night was very cold (53°). I feel confident that this phenomenon is not very rare in the desert, though the spontaneous production of sounds by sliding of the sand without man's agency, as at Jebel Nagous, may be. Whether the *Rig-i-Rawan*, north of Cabul, is caused by similar conditions remains to be determined, but I fear that the peculiar relations existing between England and Russia will prevent my visiting northern Afghanistan. The Bedouins who accompanied us were greatly astounded at my discovery of a new Nagous, and I fear that their faith in a monastery hidden in the heart of Jebel Nagous has received a severe shock. It is interesting to note that the "nagous" or modern gong is in daily use in the Monastery of St. Catherine, Mount Sinai.

I made photographs of Jebel Nagous and vicinity, as well as of the new Nagous, and collected specimens of the rocks, sand, etc. This communication must be regarded as a preliminary notice, full details being reserved for the work on

"Musical Sand" in preparation by Dr. Julien and myself.

I shall be obliged if those who have opportunities of examining banks of dry and fine sand inclined at 31° will report through your columns whether they yield deep sounds when disturbed.

H. CARRINGTON BOLTON.

Cairo, April 10.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

COST OF LIVING IN PARIS AND LONDON.

A DISCUSSION took place at the last monthly dinner of the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris on the relative cost of living in Paris and in London. Several of the speakers (says the Paris correspondent of the *Record*) were thoroughly qualified to discuss the subject, having lived for many years in both cities. The opener, a Frenchman, keeps a house both in Clapham and in Paris, and has long been in the habit of spending part of his time in the one city and part in the other. The president, Sir Edward Blount, K.C.B., an eminently successful English merchant, banker, and railway director in Paris, has also lived in Paris for many years, whilst maintaining an establishment in England. There was every reason, therefore, to regard the company as one competent to pronounce an opinion on the subject. With some difference as to details, the room was almost unanimous that the cost of living in Paris was from twenty to forty per cent. dearer than in London. In the case of a single man or a couple without family the difference is not so much felt; but the larger the family the greater the relative cost. This may possibly arise from the fact that French families are universally so small, and that all the provisions, such as rent, service, etc., for a large family must be abnormal. The general impression seemed to be that £60 in London went as far, in household expenditure, as £100 in Paris. Rent is certainly much higher, to say nothing of the discomforts and inconveniences of living on an *étage*. Wages are lower in London, and more work is done for the money. Coal cannot be had in Paris under 35s. to 38s. a ton, instead of 20s. or 22s. in London, and then it is bad. Gas is nearly three times the price, but it is better. Bread and meat are forty to fifty per cent. dearer, and sugar one hundred and fifty per cent. It was contended, however, on the other hand, that in the extra price of

food the Parisian pays indirectly the taxes which the Londoner pays direct; that the paving, lighting, improvement rates, etc., are here all raised by the *octroi* levied on provisions. But, as a matter of fact, the difference between the direct taxes and the rates in England and those in France, being in the one country about twenty-five or thirty per cent. on the rental, and in the other ten, was not sufficient to account for the much greater price paid for food. Amusements it was admitted were cheaper in Paris, and most of the luxuries of life, but it was the reverse with the necessities. The same remark applied to railway fares and cabs, but what was here gained in price was more than lost in comfort and convenience. It was thought, too, that the working man in France, helped by the climate, eating less meat and requiring less clothing, had an advantage in this way over his English neighbor. The complaints about the exorbitant profits of the middle man, and the systematic robbery of the *cuisiniers*, were very loud. One merchant declared that his friends in London, whose expenditure was about the same as his own, had their house and garden and kept their carriage, while he and his family had to live on a flat and ride in the omnibus. The wonderful facilities for locomotion afforded by the innumerable stations of the underground railway in London and the constant trains, compared with one single station in Paris for the suburbs, St. Lazare, and the handful of trains in a day, were duly enlarged on. Sir Edward Blount, in summing up the discussion, stated that when he came to Paris in 1831, one could live there for a third less than in London, and that the franc went further than the shilling. But now it was all the other way, and he attributed the change which had come over things on both sides of the Channel mainly, if not altogether, to the development of free trade in England, and the increase of protection in France. Another very interesting statement made by the president was that, some time ago, a special commissioner sent over to England by French employers of labor, to inspect English work and workers, and modes of working, came back to report that the workman in England produced one-third more for the same money than he did in France; and, Sir Edward added, he found that whilst they paid about the same wages to their railway employés, they required five to do the work done by three in England.

Mrs. Crawford writes on the same sub-

ject: "I was looking to-day at my monthly bills during the winter for firing. A slow-combustion stove in my sitting-room, in which I burn culm, costs me £1 a month. Were I to burn wood and coke in an ordinary grate the cost would be about double. There is no sound reason why fuel should be so dear. The unsound reasons are railway monopolies, protection, and *octroi* duties. One reason why these duties are so heavy in Paris is the way in which, under the Empire, the Municipal Commission plundered, in demolishing Paris to build it up again. The doings of your Metropolitan Board of Works were insignificant relatively to the jobbery of the Haussmannising gang and the juries packed to grant heavy indemnity, when houses the gang bought were to be demolished by the city."

From The Leisure Hour.

WHAT THE THAMES POLICE HAVE DONE.

THE Rogue Riderhoods of the river are under a cloud. Their trade is vanishing faster than any trade on the Thames. "Horsemen," "mudlarks," and "game lightermen" have nearly all retired from business — or rather, their business has retired from them. The great docks, with their storage and carriage facilities, have taken most of the loading and unloading out of the stream, and in the few opportunities left the water thieves have been checkmated by the river police. It is an astonishing fact that out of the millions' worth of property entering and leaving the Thames, the value stolen afloat in one year — 1887 — was only £186! Last century the river thieves were in their glory. The ships all received and discharged their cargoes in the tideway. So numerous were the guardians, and so divided the responsibility, that practically there was no control whatever. And it was estimated by a magistrate who knew what he was about, and who afterwards took the chief part in forming the new police, that, taking the century through, the average loss in robbery per year on the tidal Thames exceeded £100,000! This was a far larger proportion of the total value than it would be in these days, for the increase in the carrying trade has since been enormous. In 1702 the average tonnage of our vessels trading beyond sea was ninety-six tons; at the end of the century it was under two hundred tons. They now average nine hundred and forty

tons, and are at least three times as numerous. But owing to the shipping being all in the river, the Thames must have seemed busier in those last years of the last century than it does now. From London Bridge to the Horseferry, the whole forty-one hundred and fifty yards of the Pools — now divided into Upper and Lower at Wapping Police Station, then made out as three, owing to a Middle Pool being divided off from the Upper at Union Hole — were occupied by a straggling line of sailing craft, most of them at anchor and some of them under way among a crowd of bright-hued barges and dirty sluggish lighters, and saucy tilt-boats, and brisk, handy skiffs and wherries, that knew no rest from daylight to dark and after dark. Farther down, off Blackwall, lay the large Indiamen, drawing from twenty-two to twenty-four feet of water, and discharging into decked hoys, which even the care of the great John Company could not keep unrobbed. But higher up, off Shadwell and Wapping and thereabouts, the loading and unloading were all into undecked craft offering every chance for the plunderer.

Some of the deeds done are almost incredible. All classes were in the swim, even the ships' officers and the revenue men. A mate has been bribed to keep careless watch while so-called "light horsemen," with bags blacked so as not to be noticeable, have cleared thirty hogsheds of sugar out of a ship in a single night. A ship-master has been busy on deck searching "lumpers" he had discovered in thieving, and at the same time his sugar has been loaded into a boat astern by a gang who had entered through the cabin windows. And even a ship's anchor and chain have been removed by civil young watermen, who very politely hailed the ship they had robbed and reported the fact as they cheerily rowed away. There was a regular classification of the Thames thieves. Besides the night plunderers, or "light horsemen," there were "heavy horsemen," who, with pockets many, would offer their services for nothing and make two guineas a day out of what they stole. There were the "mud-larks" who prowled about vessels at low water to receive bags of coffee and other articles handed to them by confederates on board. There were the "rat catchers," who walked off with the ship's rats and anything else they could lay their hands on. There were the "game lightermen," who lightened their lighters as well as the ships to such a profitable extent that

even their apprentices kept a country house and a saddle-horse! These were the days when Dibdin's heroes marked their 'bacca-boxes with their sweethearts' names and left their Mollies at Wapping Old Stairs. But these loose days were too scandalous to last. On July 22, 1798, thanks chiefly to Dr. Patrick Colquhoun, there started into life the Marine Police. Their headquarters were near Wapping New Stairs — where they still are — and the magistrate was John Harriott. On that day the first guard-boat patrolled the river, and a year of excitement began. The dangers and difficulties that the force had to contend with from within and without may be imagined when, as the result of his first year's work, Harriott could report twenty-two hundred convictions for crime on the river, and a saving of property, in the case of the West Indian planters alone, of £150,000!

And every year thereafter the convictions were less and the state of the river improved. And in 1887 the Thames Police — who in 1838 had become a division of the Metropolitan Police under the orders of the commissioner — had to report only one hundred and forty-eight arrests on all charges, from felony to drunkenness, and of the paltry £186 in value of property stolen, £44 were recovered, so that only £142 were actually lost. A more striking instance of success in the repression and prevention of crime within the kingdom's limits it would be difficult to quote. Bad as London may be, it is gratifying to find that it is the only port in the world where crime has decreased as trade has increased.

From The Economist.


THE FUTURE OF HOLLAND.

IT is, we believe, quite certain that grave and well-informed men of business in Berlin regard the extinction of the male line of Orange-Nassau, which is now certain and may occur at any hour, with a feeling of uneasiness. They do not believe that the government of Germany is satisfied with the arrangements made for the Dutch succession, and think that it may interfere in a way which at present is not at all anticipated. A well-informed correspondent of our own, in particular, has warned us repeatedly to watch events, and not to trust implicitly in the carefully diffused Dutch view, that the occurrence has been so carefully provided against

that complications are not to be expected. We entirely confide in the sincerity of these warnings, but confess ourselves quite at a loss to understand whence, on the death of the present king of the Netherlands, disturbances are to arise. It is not even rumored that the Dutch themselves object to the succession of the king's daughter, the little Princess Wilhelmina, or that they desire a republic, and there is only one external power which has the means even to raise the question. France has no claim, and puts forward no claim, either on Holland or Luxemburg; the Austrian claims, once so real, were disposed of by the Treaty of Vienna, and there remains only Germany which could benefit even by successful interference. It is understood, however, that Germany consents to the devolution of Luxemburg upon its heir, the mediatized Grand Duke of Nassau, who is accepted by the Luxemburgers, and it would be difficult even for the German lawyers who argued the case of Schleswig-Holstein to make out a colorable right to interfere in Holland.

That the German government would like, if it could, to include Holland within the empire may be conceded without discussion. The Germans look upon the Dutch as their cousins, and the Dutch marshes as their own natural road for reaching the North Sea. The Rhine, they say, deposited Holland, and it is natural to a people who own the upper waters of any great river to desire the rich lowlands which lie along the debouchure of the stream. The Germans, too, long, as they admit, and as is well known, for "ships, colonies, and commerce," and the possession of the Netherlands would bring them all three. By exempting the Dutch from the military conscription, but subjecting them to maritime service, they would gain a body of sailors and naval officers adequate to the maintenance of a large fleet, and they would at the same time acquire a grand and well consolidated colonial empire. The Dutch possess in farther Asia, besides the island of Java, of which alone the English often hear, the islands of Celebes and Sumatra, together

with Bali, Flores, and Timor, and strong, though ill defined, rights to a vast extent of Borneo and New Guinea. They themselves estimate the area of their possessions in Asia at six hundred thousand square miles, or three-fifths the area of India, with a population of twenty-three millions, and a revenue of at least a million. Their position, moreover, is so central, and their alliances with native chiefs are so ramified, that it is not too much to say that if they were supported by a first-class power they might possess themselves firmly of the whole of the Eastern Archipelago from Australia to the Philippines, a dominion which, though far less populous than India, would be greater in area, and probably richer in fertile land, thick forests, and universal resources. Part of it, too, would be suitable for European settlement, that is, if the Germans, like the Spaniards, would consent to acclimatize themselves in lofty and healthy, though undoubtedly more than semi-tropical, regions. Possessed of the Dutch East Indies, Germany would have ample employment for her navy, now too much confined to northern waters, and might within half a century, by good management and persistent effort, develop them into a second India. They could find opportunities of wealth and distinction or maintenance for at least a hundred thousand Germans, and this even if no German put his hand to a plough. It is known that this vision did at one time flash before Prince Bismarck, who, in 1871, mentioned it publicly in a speech; and it is not impossible that it may have attracted the present emperor William II., who greatly desires the enlargement of his navy, and who thinks that Germany has scarcely attained the world-wide influence consonant with her great position in the European family. It is not to be wondered at that such a prospect should prove attractive to ambitious men, or that diplomatists who are not so scrupulous as their English rivals should have studied the chances presented by the change in the Dutch succession, which seem great to them, though they do not to Englishmen, with some attentiveness.



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